SPIES FOR HIRE - The Story Behind the Switz Case

OCT. 6,
1934

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Liberty

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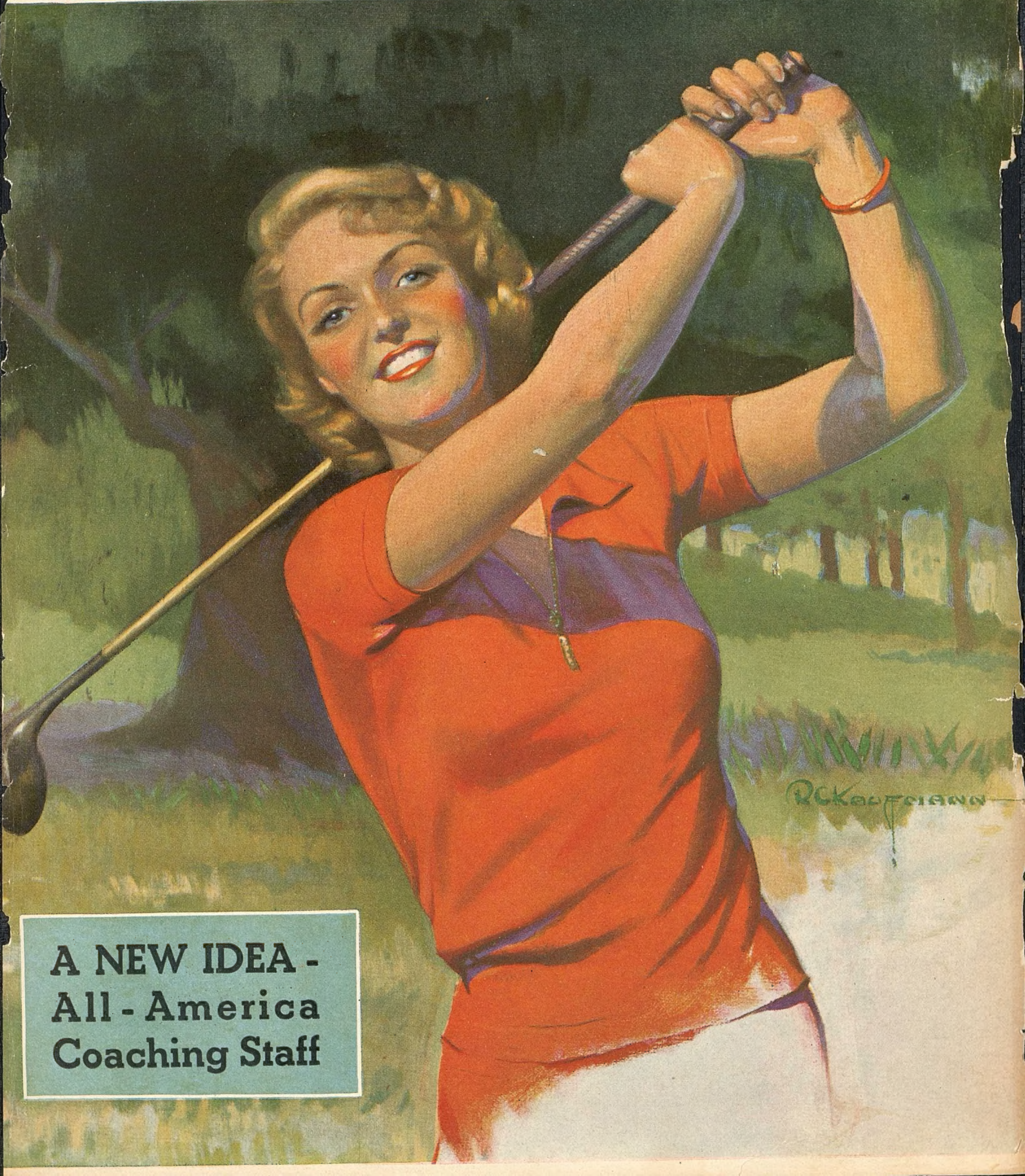

RCKauffmann

A NEW IDEA -
All - America
Coaching Staff

Canadian Club Straight Whisky
Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin
ONE U.S. QUART

"CANADIAN CLUB"

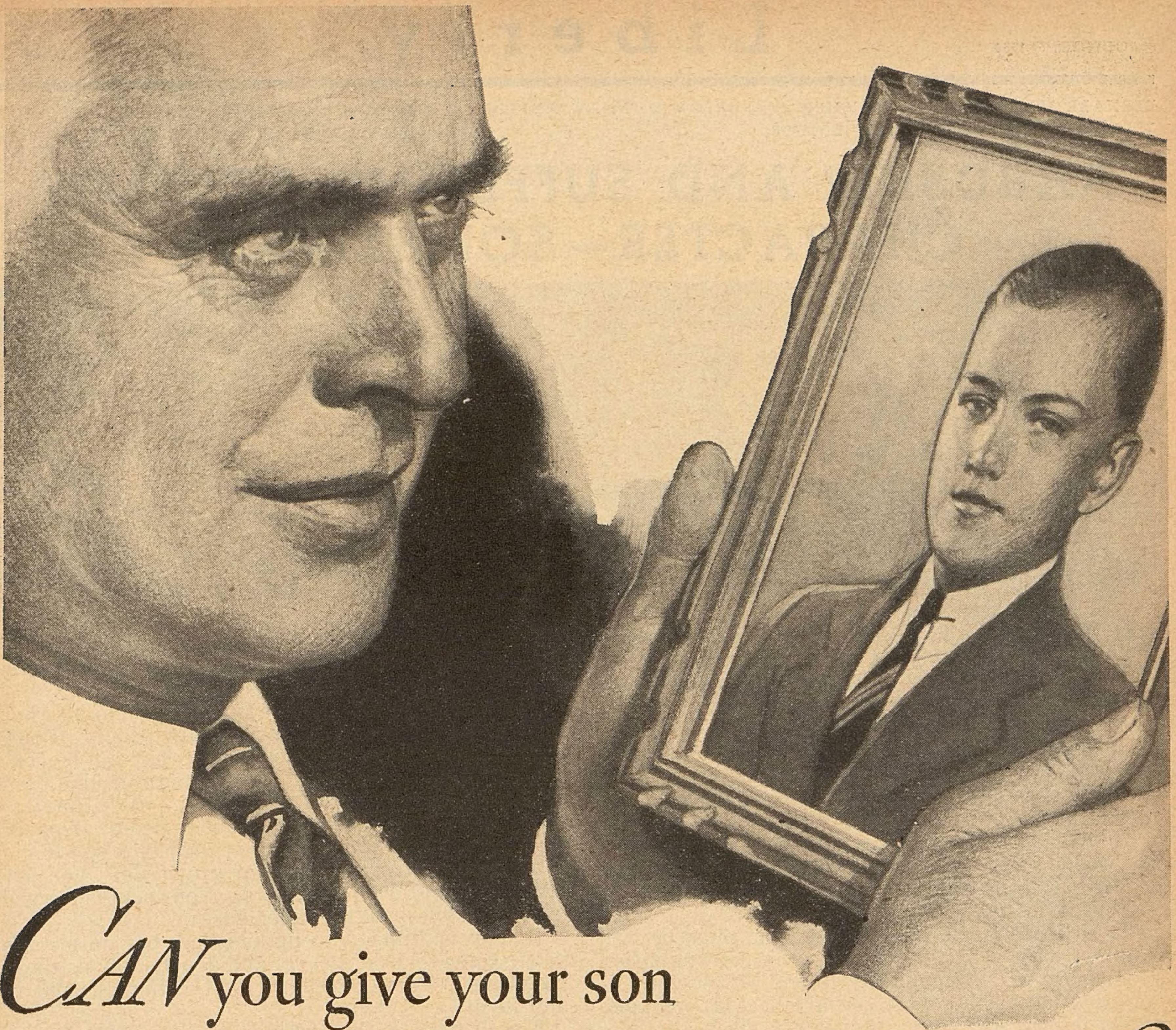
Today's Value in a Bonded Whisky

If you like a fine, bonded whisky—try "Canadian Club," favorite the world over for more than three generations in the best hotels, clubs and restaurants, as well as in the finest homes. Its uniform quality and purity are assured by selection of the choicest grains. Every drop is aged five years or more in charred oak casks under Government supervision. Constant vigilance is maintained to safeguard every process of its manufacture. Only the 75-year-old house of Hiram Walker could produce a whisky so distinctive in flavor, so delightful in aroma. It is today's value, as you will learn when you compare the price of "Canadian Club" with that of any other high-grade bonded whisky on the market. Another splendid product that is sure to please you is Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin—a perfect running mate for world-famous "Canadian Club" from every standpoint. Make these two Hiram Walker values your next purchase.

Hiram Walker & Sons

PEORIA, ILLINOIS • WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.



CAN you give your son the things you were DENIED?

That is a natural desire, the goal of countless mothers and fathers everywhere. In Smedley's case, he wanted for his son friendships, a host of good companions, a welcome seat at many a hearth. Better this, he mused, and a little success, than great fortune and an empty heart. Looking back on his own unhappy youth and manhood, he saw himself as the studious, hard-working fellow hanging hungrily on the fringe of things with a heart full of longing for the association of others and the good times they had—the boy who was never invited. This he wanted to spare his boy. Let him acquire wisdom, yes, but gaiety, friendships, and popularity along with it . . .

, , ,

If there is one thing that will cut a person off from the contacts and friends he needs, it is halitosis (bad breath). It is the fault unforgivable.

Affronted by it, few people have the patience or kindness to seek the good qualities which the offender may possess.

It is unfortunate that so many people have halitosis. Unfortunate, too, that they have it so *often*. Still more unfortunate that they do not know when they have it (that's the insidious thing about halitosis).

Since no one is exempt, it is a mistake to take your breath for granted. Better assume that it may be objectionable and take steps to correct it.

Fastidious people rely on Listerine, the quick deodorant. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine quickly halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. The mouth and breath become clean, sweet, and wholesome as only Listerine can make them. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

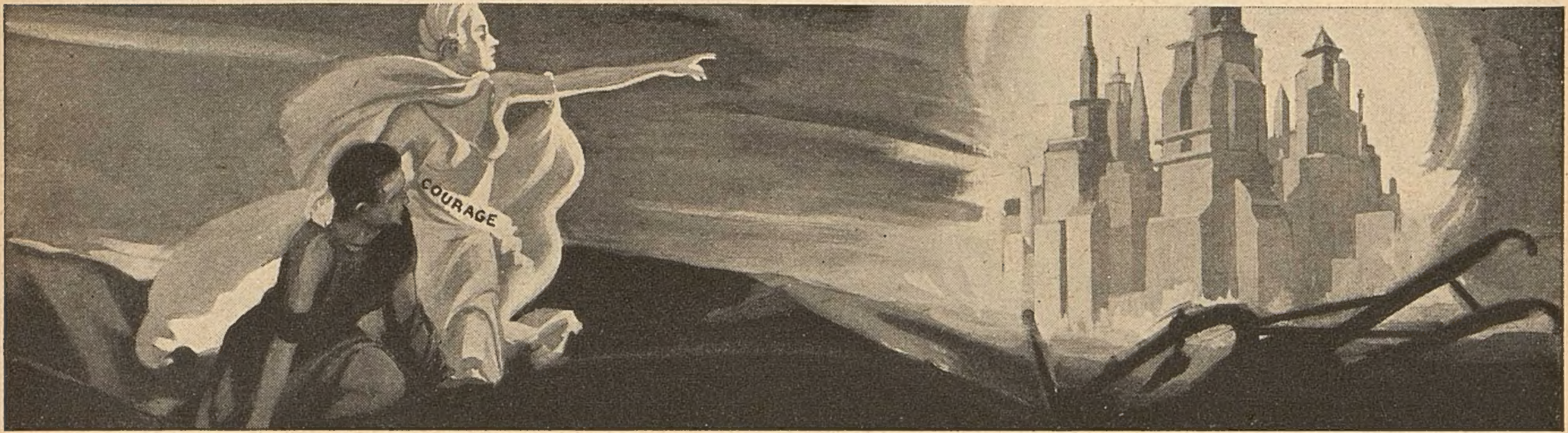
NRA

LISTERINE *Checks Halitosis* [BAD BREATH]

OCTOBER 6, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 40

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HARDSHIP AND SUFFERING DEVELOP CHARACTER—SOMETIMES?



SOME may doubt the truth of the above statement. But if one is able to endure the ordeals which the victims of unemployment are now suffering, he is better equipped to meet the serious emergencies of life.

Hardship—if it can be borne without definite injury—is a character-developing force. It makes one more sturdy and resolute—more capable. It adds to self-confidence.

But there are undoubtedly occasions when suffering becomes too severe and cannot be borne without injury. It crushes the spirit, weakens the body, and enfeebles the mind.

To ultimately profit by disaster you must be well supplied with a fighting spirit—the determination to struggle on triumphantly to the bitter end. If you give up, feeling that you are beaten, complete defeat is near at hand.

Meaningless words! That will undoubtedly be the comment of many financial wreckage sufferers, and you can hardly blame them. The hardships they have had to endure, the calamities they have faced are inclined to destroy the spirit—to obliterate courage and confidence, and even to make one at times doubt the existence of a beneficent Creator.

An attitude of mind that refuses to give up is a mighty weapon of defense. "You may be down but you are never out," say the workers of the Salvation Army. The spirit of this slogan is commendable.

The writer's heartfelt sympathy goes out to the unemployment victims. He has felt the lash of hardships of all kinds. He has known what it is to go without food for days at a time during his youthful struggles. Due to the lack of money necessary to pay for food, he has felt the pangs of hunger at their worst. He has known what it is to walk for days with an empty pocketbook and an empty stomach, looking for a job. He has known what it is to tramp from door to door to find work in exchange for food. He has even had the experience of being thrown from trains while stealing rides in the guise of a tramp.

And such experiences are inclined to banish that surplus ego which handicaps so many people. Poise is acquired and lessons are learned that can be conveyed in no other way. There is nothing like pain and suffering to clarify the brain—to stimulate mental activity which enables one to deduce dependable conclusions upon the great problems of life.

You also learn the value of gratitude. You are grateful even for small favors. Your soul is purged in the crucible of bitter experiences.

It may be difficult to understand, but no lessons in life come to us so clearly and dependably as those resulting from the struggle of the human soul to find itself.

The growth of this great nation was fostered by our pioneer ancestors who bled and died for it. Our forefathers enjoyed the freedom which came with the democratic principles so clearly enunciated in the American Constitution.

We are unquestionably facing great and intricate problems, and their solution may require detailed diversification in the application of our governmental ideals. But the great fundamental principles of government set forth in the American Constitution should not be changed one iota.

Millions of our self-respecting citizens who are now on the charity rolls may feel the stigma of the present situation. But gradually we should climb out of this calamitous predicament.

The writer keenly feels his responsibility as a publisher, and he hopes that every influential business leader and government official will also assume his personal duties in this grave emergency with a conscientious spirit of helpfulness for the forlorn souls who are struggling in the midst of this dire calamity. —BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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BUY YOUR CAR AS YOU'D BUY YOUR HOME

MAKE COMPARISONS BEFORE YOU DECIDE

SUPPOSE YOU WANTED to buy a new home. How would you go about it? You'd look at three places at least, wouldn't you? You'd check what each one had to offer for what you wanted to pay.

And then you'd pick the one that offered you the BIGGEST MONEY'S WORTH.

For years, that has been the common practice in real estate buying. Today, it's becoming the common-sense way to buy any low-priced automobile!

We urge you to follow it.

Let Merit Guide You

We urge you to look at *"All Three"* low-priced cars . . . to compare them feature for feature . . . to check them price against price. If you've never done this before, you'll learn something that will surprise you.

You'll learn that price differences don't count . . . that "All Three" cost virtually the same. Now, there's only one thing to consider . . . HOW MUCH EACH CAR GIVES YOU . . . not how much you must give for each.

That's where the big differences lie . . . in the kind of brakes and the kind of body each car provides for your safety . . . in the kind of springs and engine mountings it provides for your comfort.

It's a Matter of Value

Plymouth gives you a Safety-Steel Body—and the same kind of Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing that is used on the most expensive cars. No other car for anything like Plymouth's price gives you both.

Likewise, you won't find Hydraulic Brakes and Floating Power engine mountings on any low-priced car *but* Plymouth. This is an *extra* combination of comfort and safety features that only Plymouth gives you . . . and at no extra cost!

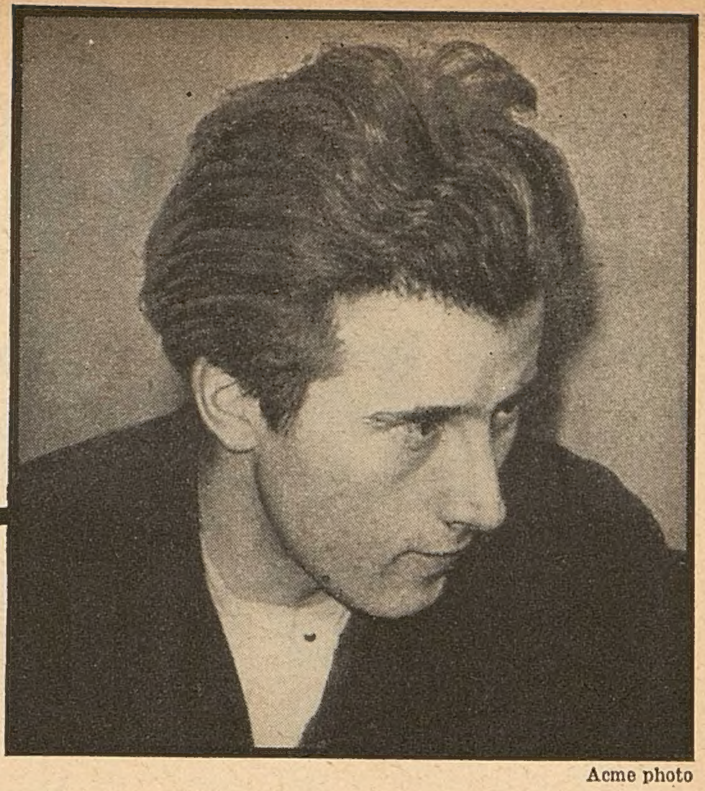
Don't let anybody sell you any car until you've compared the low-priced leaders yourself. Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers will let you judge Plymouth on its merits. Be sure you're right. Ride in a Plymouth before you sign on the "dotted line."

PRICES AS LOW AS $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments to fit your budget on Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* at slight extra cost.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

SPIES for Hire



Acme photo

Robert Gordon Switz. "He met a Svengali —a procurer of spies for Soviet Russia."

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—A HONEYMOON IN HELL

THE tall man in black swept the Rue d'Antin with veiled eyes, then asked casually:

"And that young American couple?"

"*Mais oui*, they are still up there," eagerly replied the wizened concierge. "But they pack their baggage."

The man in black raised a hand. Two passers-by, also in black, joined him. The three mounted the stairs.

Their knock brought a young man, beneath whose high pompadour a thin, rather handsome face wrinkled nervously. But calm and well poised was the pretty blonde girl who stood amid scattered belongings and luggage.

"*Pardon, monsieur et madame,*" said the tall man. "The Sûreté desires to know—"

Crash! His two satellites had forced a heavy wardrobe. From it one snatched some papers.

"Plans for the light machine gun! And the new proposed law for military service! It is espionage!"

"Movie stuff!" sneered the American. "It's a frame-up!"

"*Ca?*" said the Frenchman indifferently. He thrust a hand into a valise. Triumphantly he held up a queer-looking object. It was a chronometer, a ship's timepiece, and to it were fastened two magnifying glasses.

"*Allons!*" he commanded. "Let us go!"

A hurried ride to a building of menacing aspect; then a black-gowned figure, a keen face with twinkling eyes—Magistrate André Benon, one of Paris's most determined investigators. The secret agent displayed the papers and the appliance he had found.

"There are certain secret codes," he explained, "that depend upon Greenwich mean time, followed very exactly. This is a device for solving messages in such a code. Only a spy would possess it."

Deathly pale, the two prisoners were fingerprinted, then led away to dank cells in separate prisons. At parting, they kissed passionately, clung to each other.

"Never before have Americans been charged as spies against France," mused Magistrate Benon.

On December 19, 1933, smutted Paris prison books recorded them as Robert Gordon Switz, thirty, and Marjorie Tilley Switz, twenty-two, of East Orange, New Jersey. Newspaper reports of their arrest caused a world-wide sensation. There was a greater one when they confessed themselves members of the biggest spy ring uncovered in Europe since the World War.

The trial will come soon, and the world looks forward to startling revelations. Are there spies everywhere, even in these days of nominal peace?

The newest disclosures show that there are spies here, now, in peaceful America, tempting our destitute and desperate to join the furtive army. It was in a New York club that Switz says he was hired by a Soviet master spy. In Detroit the same temptation seduced another young American, Arvid Jacobson, and his wife.

These and other facts astounding to Americans are revealed by a world-wide investigation in which the French Sûreté Générale, Scotland Yard, and our own State Department and Department of Justice have been greatly helped by Switz's confessions.

As a boy, high-strung, erratic, he worked a passage to Europe, fighting tough sailors who taunted him. He became an aviator, always restless. He did not settle down when, May 19, 1933, he married Marjorie Tilley of his home town. Her father was a chauffeur. Her mother had baked pies to send her through Vassar. One of Switz's brothers was a chemist, another a Yale football player; his family thought he might have done better. But that was not why the couple immediately went abroad.

A harmless-appearing frequenter of Roosevelt Field had scraped acquaintance with Switz, admired his flying, invited him to a New York club. There Switz met an older man, intense black brows above the burning eyes of a Svengali, whom our Department of Justice longs to meet. This man was chief of a group seeking among depression victims men and women desperate enough to go to Europe, shielded by their American citizenship, on secret service. He was a procurer of spies.

Spies for Soviet Russia or its double, the Third International. Switz, already a "parlor pink," flamed Red at this chance to serve the cause—at $330 a month. His bride thrilled at a honeymoon in Paris.

The couple found themselves in a weird group of spies and radicals playing what seemed the fascinating game of gathering information about France's army and navy. The Switzes were made largely responsible for that information getting safely from Paris to Moscow. Every spy ring must have a "letter box" with a good "front" and "cover." The Switzes were the letter box.

They received mail at the American University Union—a good "cover," sheltered by the American flag. Switz's "front" was representing a New York aviation instrument firm. He and his bride lived a high-tension life. One must always be in, to receive or forward messages. And to go out was often to return trembling, telling of some sinister figure that seemed to flit along like a shadow, following. Then they would laugh, and cry, "Just imagination!" But sometimes: "Suppose they caught us?"

Outside, the tall man in black would saunter patiently. He had seen a known Russian spy meet Switz. Eagerly he had shadowed Switz, then his bride. His web was spinning when, on October 27, 1933, came news that drew it tight.

A young American couple, strikingly like the Switzes, had been caught in Finland. Arvid Jacobson, thirty, University of Michigan graduate and mathematics teacher, and his young wife confessed that a year earlier they had joined the Soviet secret service in Detroit. There a Russian agent, perhaps Switz's Svengali, was hiring unemployed Americans to spy in Finland at 6,000 marks a month. In Finland the Jacobsons used American

Marjorie Tilley Switz, who "thrilled at a honeymoon in Paris"—on a Red spy's wages.

The Story Behind the Switz Case: an Amazing Tale of Americans Caught in the Web of International Intrigue

First of a Series of Striking Disclosures

by THOMAS M. JOHNSON

Author of Without Censor and Our Secret War

citizenship to camouflage a letter box for a ring directed by a powerful woman spy, Marie Louise Martin.

"Marie Louise!" cried Chief Riekki of the Finnish secret service. From his confidential files came a striking photograph. From his memory came the recent amazing case of Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart, twenty-four-year-old Scotch Highlander stationed at Aldershot, Britain's great military depot, who had fallen for one of Delilah's sisters, a woman spy named Marie Louise.

She was golden-haired, blue-eyed, round-limbed. She lived the life of the resorts of Berlin and the Baltic ports, posing as the wife of an American millionaire. The young lieutenant flattered himself he had picked her up; actually, she had been "put on" him by master spies who knew that he was a woman chaser. She cajoled him, teased him, left him frantic with desire. Each time she yielded a little—but never all that he begged. She said what she had been paid to say:

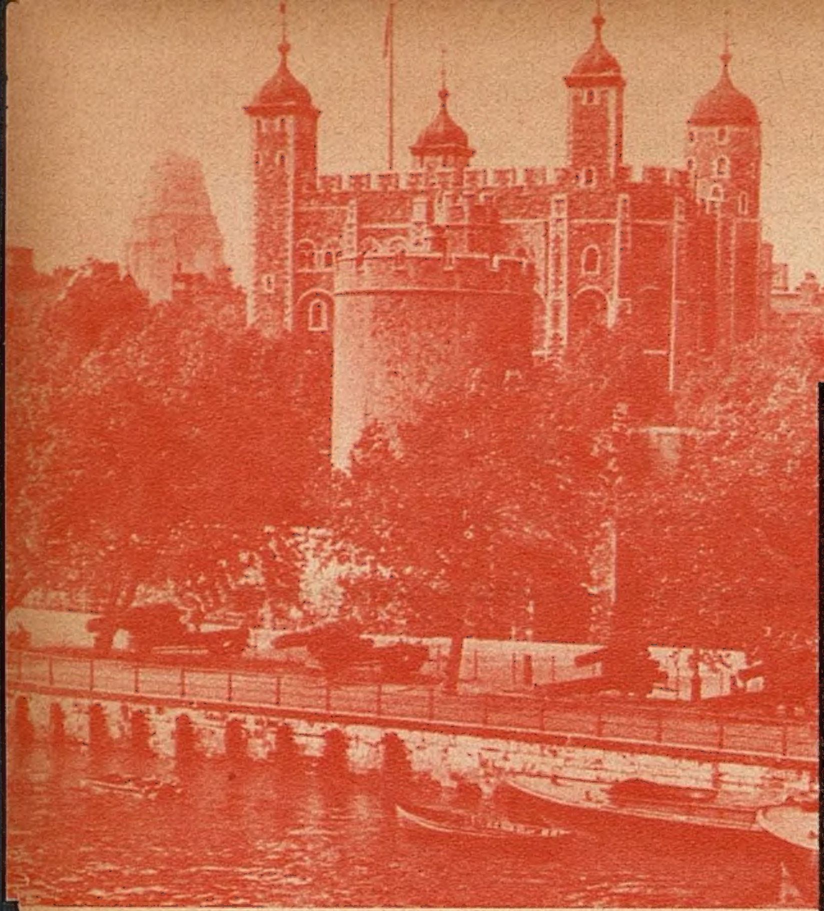
"Yes, I will—if you bring me official information about British tanks, armored cars, and automatic rifles."

Picture by A. D. Fuller

"The lieutenant flattered himself that he had picked her up. She yielded—but never all that he begged."

Acme photos

Mme. Lydia Stahl—"exotic appearance, personality seductive. Also forceful and domineering." She proved to be the Red ring's head spy.



Keystone View photo

Baillie-Stewart, lighting up, with his counsel. "All England hated, execrated this 'Prisoner in the Tower.'" Left: The Tower of London.

" Anything in the world," he cried, " if you—"

Marie Louise paid the young officer in rich coin for his treachery—he thought. Also in crisp bills. At his trial the Crown said he had " sold his country for fifty pounds." Five years in prison. All England hated, execrated this " Prisoner in the Tower," pacing the historic battlements beneath the frowning walls of the Tower of London. That picture and the name Marie Louise helped Chief Riekki in Finland to arrest twenty-eight men and women whose stories made another picture, horrible yet true.

In the low-ceilinged kitchen of an ancient house at Lapau, Finland's munition center, a lamp cast eerie shadows. Two faces bent over a boiling pot. The woman stirred, the man poured from a bottle. Vapor arose.

" That's enough," the woman whispered. " He said, not too much—that Russian officer."

THOMAS M. JOHNSON

was the New York Sun's correspondent with the A. E. F. His book, Our Secret War, about American secret service in Europe in 1917-19, has been published in England, Germany, Italy, and recently in France.

Trembling, she poured from the pot on to a plate. The man picked it up and walked, pale-faced, into the dining room. He bowed, placed the plate before a man in uniform sitting at the table, withdrew to stand with the woman at the keyhole, listening, quaking.

A suddenly ghastly choking sound. A great cry of anguish. A clatter; a heavy fall.

The man and woman embraced.

They were Kaarlo Sirenius and Jenny Anttila, servants of Colonel Walter Asplund, leading munitions expert of the Finnish army. A Russian officer named Stenij had bribed them with money enough to run away together.

Three other Finnish technical experts nearly died of poison. Chief Riekki announced that the whole Finnish technical staff had been marked for assassination. Mobilization plans and drawings of a new rifle had disappeared. Defense Minister Oksala intimated December 27, 1933, that it was a Soviet plot. Excited peasants threatened to lynch the treacherous maid. Then night listeners reported wings over Finland.

Zoom—zoom—zoom!

Ghostly planes flashed lights above Helsingfors, above the whole Russian border. " The Reds, trying to scare us! " sneered the Finns. They went ahead, arraigned the spies, and on April 22, 1934, convicted twenty-four, most of whom confessed. They sentenced Jenny Anttila to fifteen years in prison, Marie Louise to eight, Jacobson to five. His wife returned to Houghton, Michigan, to wait for him. And Chief Riekki went to Paris, to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor.

He had earned it. Those nights of the mysterious airplanes, the Finnish spy hunter had sat unperturbed, sifting the papers and letters taken from his American prisoners, the Jacobsons. Suddenly his face lighted. A souvenir post card had been sent to Mrs. Jacobson by one Lydia Stahl. From his files Chief Riekki took a thick dossier labeled *Lydia Tchekaloff Stahl.*

" ' Born in Russia, 48,' " he read. " ' Married German Baron von Stahl of New York, where she sometimes visits. Exotic appearance, but personality seductive. Also forceful and domineering. Speaks many languages. Suspected of espionage and shadowed by the Sûreté in Paris and Washington.' Hmm. Perhaps the Sûreté—"

At the first knock, the door of Mme. Stahl's apartment in Paris was flung wide. There she stood, a majestic figure in black robe, flame-embroidered. In her hand was a manuscript. The secret agent seized it.

" Stupid! " she cried. " I was just commencing to study Chinese! "

That was true, it proved. But her library revealed other manuscripts: secret lectures given at the French War College; plans for industrial mobilization of Paris in the next war; a diagram showing every factory and its product; a new range finder for the army rifle.

HOW had she reaped such a harvest? Other arrests the same day answered that question only partially. Most sensational was that of Martin, linguist and trusted cryptographer in the inmost secret-code room of the French navy. There was pretty young Madeleine Mermet, hysterical amid her packed baggage, including a radio set and photographic material. Like the Switzes, she had been warned by some one. Moses Salman and his young wife, Polish medical students, and Dochan Narandasch, Serbian journalist, were smaller fry; but Benjamin Bercovitz, naturalized Canadian, with 33,000 francs, was an old-time spy become pay-off man. His pretty artist wife had 12,000 francs sewn in her skirt.

Ten arrests, counting the Switzes. But not the whole ring. How get the rest? Not through the forceful Mme. Stahl. All they got out of her was: " In prison I study Chinese." The charming Switzes continued to deny everything. But Magistrate Benon let them meet sometimes to embrace and caress one another. " It is so touching, young love," he smiled. " One tries to be humane."

But the two young Americans showed the strain. One awful evening the bride in her prison cell heard that her husband had tried suicide. At dead of night a man in black stood at her cell door. In his hand something glittered.

" Arise, madame," he said.

A snip, and from her head fell a lock of blonde hair.

He seized it, was gone—leaving her in sleepless dread.

That morning her husband stood before Magistrate Benon, who held an open package.

"This came to the American University Union for you," he said. He displayed four photograph negatives.

"I never saw them before," Switz said boldly.

"No? Yet here on the margin are your fingerprints."

"But they are only harmless snapshots!"

"Harmless? There are tiny marks on them—a secret code. Now, your wife—"

"She knew nothing!" cried Switz frantically.

"Nothing?" The magistrate held up two blonde hairs. "These were in the package. Under the microscope they are exactly the same as hairs we cut from your wife's head. The microscope does not lie."

Switz broke down, collapsed into a chair. Magistrate Benon laid a hand on his shoulder.

"My poor boy," he said softly. "Spying is not in your blood. Now, a confession—"

For seven hours Switz talked, told all he knew—so, three months after his arrest, five months after the Jacobsons' arrest in Finland, at midnight, March 18, 1934, came the final round-up of the international Soviet spy rings linked together by Mme. Stahl's post card. The men in black brought in a French Colonel du Moulin, member of the Legion of Honor, whom Mme. Stahl had paid $330 a month for War College lectures. She had paid as much to an explosive expert, Aubry, who knew what powders the French used for their shells and what new ones they hoped to use. Vatroslas Reich got $200 for information about poison gases and gas masks the French tested at the Paris Biological Institute, where he was an assistant. This was borne safely to Russia by messengers carrying a tiny pellet of tissue paper hidden within hollow false teeth contrived by a Mrs. Davidovici, a woman dentist.

"Pretty, young Madeleine Mermet. Her baggage included a radio set and photographic material."

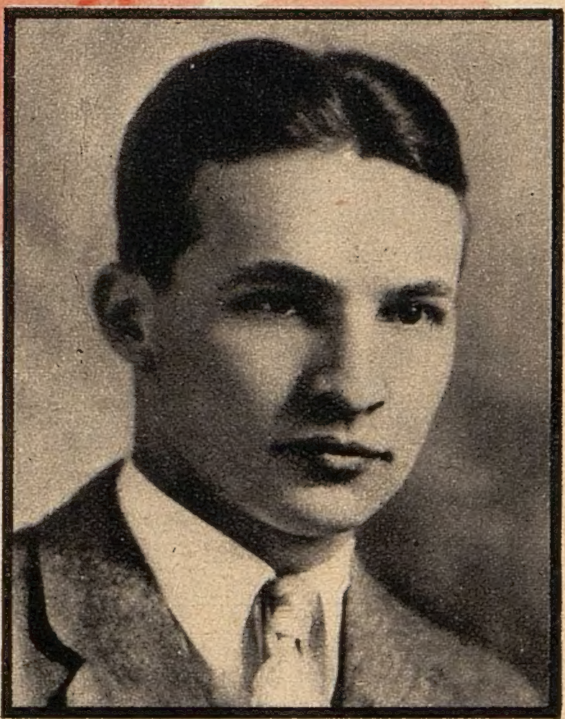
YET the one spy escaped who, of the whole ring, has for Americans most startling, sinister importance. A clever, dangerous woman. The men in black found her apartment empty, a valise ready packed. They watched, saw no one enter or leave, tried again. The apartment was still empty; the valise was gone! The woman had slipped in and out by a hidden entrance and exit. Closets in her apartment had false floors; a desk had secret drawers; a table had a hollow leg. No, not movie stuff—actual fact.

But she had lacked time to destroy her photographic laboratory and many films. And among them were photostats of plans of the Christy tank!

The United States army has adopted this invention of an American, which may be our most valuable single weapon. It can travel on land or water, on roads or broken country, up to sixty-five miles an hour. Thus far, nothing can stop the Christy. Yet this Roumanian spy for the Soviet seems to have known all about it. No wonder she is sought the world over. Her name is Baila Englard.

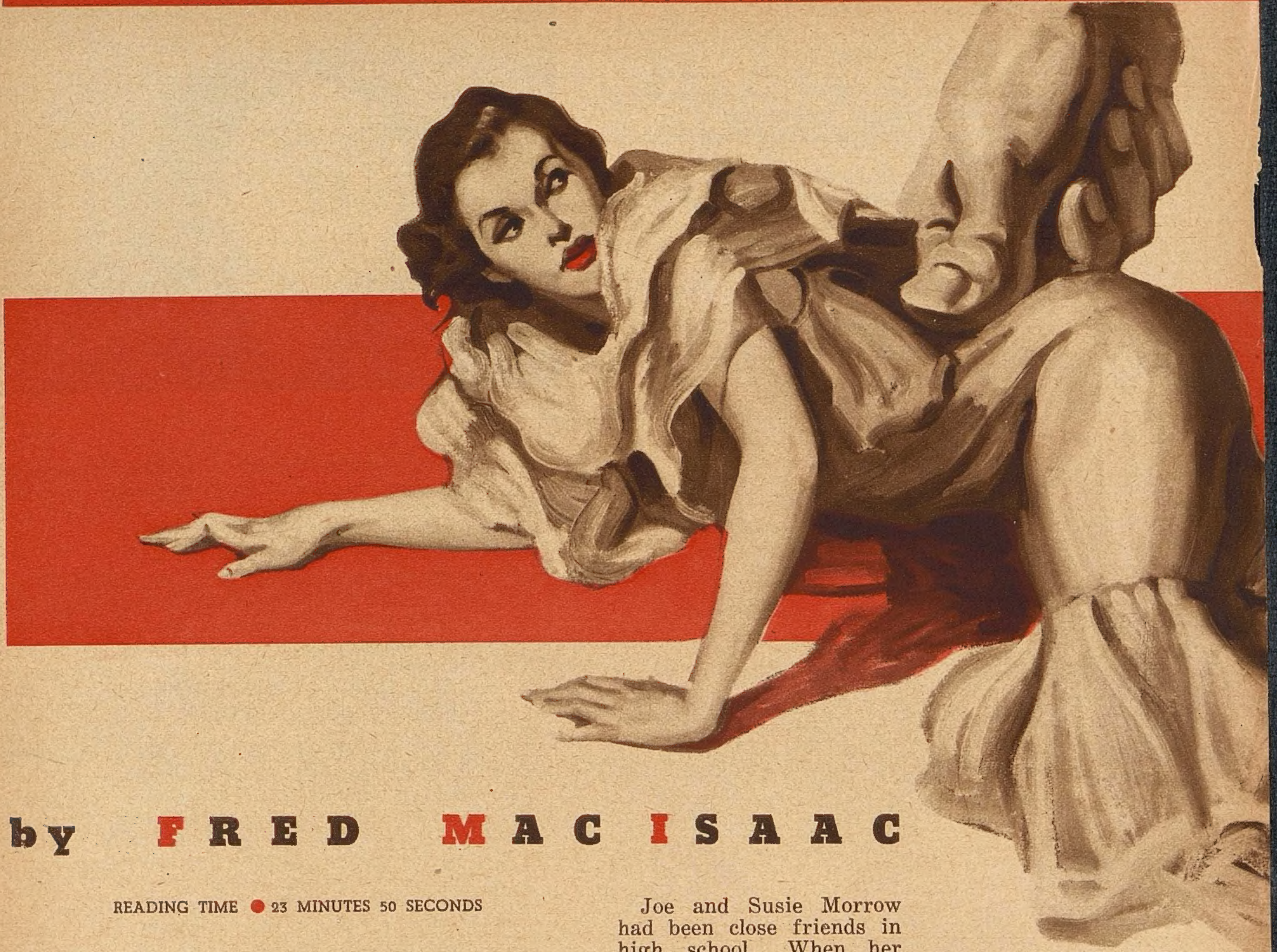
So European espionage has invaded our shores.

A startling European attempt to enmesh young officers of the cruiser Pittsburgh—an attempt that has been hushed up, and that is associated with the bombshell arrest of "Miss Fox Trot" on the famous Blue Train—will be disclosed in next week's installment.



Keystone View photo

Arvid Jacobson was caught with his young wife in Finland using American citizenship to "camouflage a 'letter box'" for the Red spy ring.



by FRED MAC ISAAC

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE sun sank behind the hills of Elmville and the shadows lengthened until there was no more daylight. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Edmunds, sitting on their front porch, had with them this evening Mr. Joseph Wright Edmunds, staff representative of the New York Daily Sphere, who was visiting his parents for the first time in three years.

New York is a long way from Elmville and railroad fares are high, and it was not until very recently that young Mr. Edmunds had found himself in a position to finance a visit home.

The old folks sat in contented silence. Having been home since mid-afternoon, Joe couldn't think of anything more to say.

By and by the bell in the Methodist church tower boomed eight times.

"Why don't you go somewhere?" suggested Mrs. Edmunds, who sensed that her son was restive. "You might call on Susie Morrow."

"Is she here?" Joe demanded, much astonished.

"She came back six months ago and opened the old house. The aunt she lived with, out in California, died. She dropped in yesterday and I told her you'd be home today. She'll be expecting you to drop in," insinuated Mrs. Edmunds.

"Think so? I might give her the once-over. Can you spare me my first night home?"

"Go along with you!" his mother said roguishly. "I could tell you were on pins and needles, sitting here trying to be polite."

"O. K., old lady. I'll be seeing you," he said cheerfully. "Night, dad."

He strode down the path, opened the gate, and walked along Elm Street. The Morrow house was a few hundred yards from the Edmunds homestead.

Joe and Susie Morrow had been close friends in high school. When her mother died four years ago she had gone to California to live. A year later Joe had taken the train for New York. Susie had written him a few letters which he simply had neglected to answer, and that was that.

If little Susie had turned into somebody worth while, the problem of a week in this sleepy village was solved. She had been a great little sport and had tagged around after him like a pup.

He pushed open the Morrow gate. When halfway to the house, a woman called to him from far over at the right:

"Who's that?"

Susie had the same old voice—clear, resonant, and sweet, even when she yelled.

"It's Joe Edmunds, Susie," he called back.

"I'm in the summerhouse. Come on over."

As he approached the old summerhouse he heard the rhythmical creaking of a hammock.

Somewhere during his progress through the old-fashioned garden Joe Edmunds moved right back into the past, dropping a year with every forty feet. The Joe Edmunds who barged into the summerhouse was a cocky youth of nineteen-plus who gazed down with proprietorship upon the small person lying in the hammock.

"Move over," he commanded.

Susie giggled but sat up obediently. "Want a punk stick?" she asked as casually as though she had parted from him a couple of hours back.

Young Mr. Edmunds accepted a punk stick, lighted it, and, before extinguishing the match, held it close to her face and took a good look at her.

You Never Can Tell About Girls—Here's a Sparkling Story of One of Love's Surprises

Under His Thumb

ILLUSTRATIONS by HARRY T. FISK

Susie had mosquito ointment plastered all over her countenance. She had on blue flannel pants and a white shawl and her thick black hair was tousled.

" You might have dressed up," he said resentfully.

" For whom? " she inquired blandly.

" For me."

" You! "

The way she said " you " was an affront, so Joe grasped her by the back of the neck and squeezed hard.

" Masterful as ever," Susie commented in a withering tone. " Let go. I don't like it."

JOE released her. " You don't seem very glad to see me," he said sulkily.

" Frankly, I had forgotten your existence—almost."

" When mother mentioned your name," he retorted, " I had to think hard to remember who you were."

Susie laughed merrily, and after a second Joe laughed with her. Suddenly he felt very comfortable beside Susie in the hammock.

" Mother says you've been back quite a while. How can you stand it in Elmville? " he inquired.

" I happen to like Elmville. I kill time by scribbling."

This statement caused him to rock with mirth and Susie prodded him resentfully with her elbow.

" What's so excruciatingly funny? " she demanded.

" Remember the poems you used to write about me in high school? "

" Sickening, weren't they? But consider my subject."

" Still writing poetry, Susie? " he inquired politely.

" I hear you're a reporter in New York. Your mother showed me signed articles. Imagine you having your name in print! "

" I've done well," he said complacently. " Darn the mosquitoes. Where's your boy friend tonight? "

" I like to keep an occasional evening free."

Joe laughed loudly. " About seven evenings a week! Let's have a good look at you." He lighted a match and held it up. Susie made a hideous face at him.

" It isn't likely that anybody would take you out," he observed candidly.

SUSIE'S laugh was without rancor. " You always were a brute," she stated. " I can't understand what I ever saw in you."

" I had you under my thumb, young woman," he declared. " And I'd have no trouble—"

" Oh, I'm out from under, Joe," she informed him. " You actually bore me. However, one must be hospitable. There is a contract-bridge evening at the Montview Country Club tomorrow night. Like to go? "

" Not if you wear those pants," he said ungraciously.

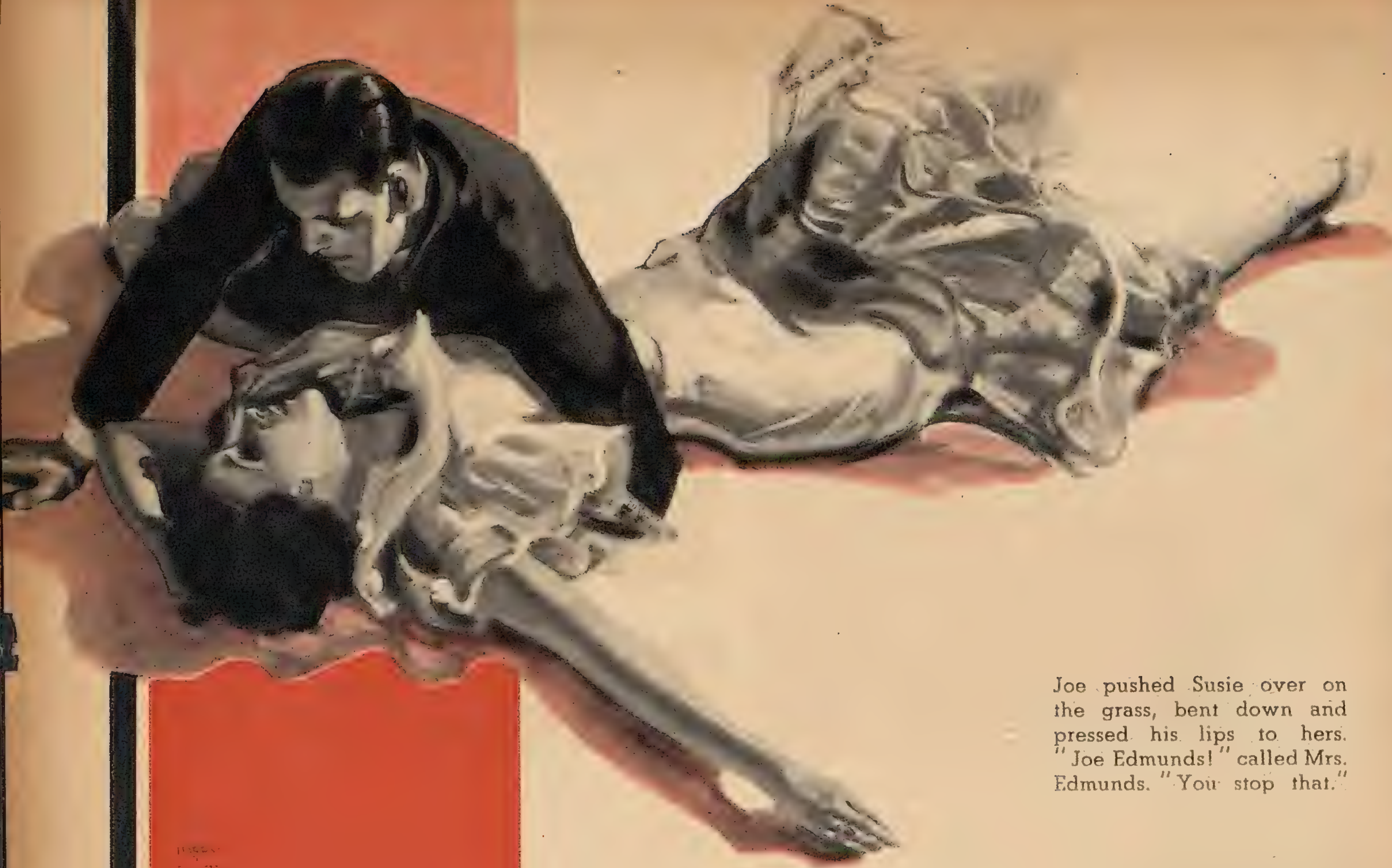
" Oh, you won't have to take me. I'm to be escorted. I'll get you an invitation."

" Yes, I'd like to go—and thanks. Mother and father love me, but we don't seem to have much in common any more. They won't mind if I take the evening off."

She sighed. " Parents and children grow away from one another. It's tragic but nothing can be done about it. They have had a hard time financially, Joe."

" I've been sending sixty a month for the last few months. Fact is, Susie, I've had a tough time in New York. When mother wrote me a year ago that the place was going to be foreclosed, I didn't have a dime. I sweat blood until I heard that the mortgage had been renewed. Next time I'll be able to take care of it."

Susie patted his arm. " You're not such a horrible



Joe pushed Susie over on the grass, bent down and pressed his lips to hers. "Joe Edmunds!" called Mrs. Edmunds. "You stop that."

person, after all. I suppose you're in love with somebody in New York."

"Too busy for girls. Give me time."

"Take time now. I'm going to bed. Call at seven thirty and go over with Frank Summerfield and me."

"Who's Frank Summerfield?" he asked sharply.

"The new manager of the Elmville Bank. You'll like him."

"How could any one like a banker? I'll go over in dad's Ford."

"Suit yourself," she said indifferently.

After that there was silence. Susie seemed contented to keep quiet and manipulate her punk stick.

"I'll let you keep this engagement with this fellow because you made it in advance," he informed her finally, "but give him rain checks for the rest of the week. I'll be needing you, maybe."

Susie laughed softly. "Your charm has worn off. I've got over liking boys. I find men in their thirties much more interesting."

"Yeh? I've only to crook my finger—"

"Crook it and let's see what happens," she jeered.

HE chuckled. "I'm going to wait until I see how you look with the grease off your face."

Susie stood up. "You may notice I haven't bothered to find out what you look like. From your conversation it's obvious that you haven't developed mentally. I am now going to bed, having had a very dull evening—"

Joe threw both arms about her waist, pulled her back into the hammock, and after a sharp struggle succeeded in kissing her. It seemed to him that Susie finally pressed her lips hard against his. She certainly was breathing heavily when he let her go.

"Anyway I've put grease all over your face," she declared spitefully.

"I will now say good night, Miss Morrow," he said with a fair imitation of her former manner.

"Good night, Joe," said Susie. "We'll look for you tomorrow night. Just have your shoes shined. You never used to."

"O. K. Don't wear those blue pants."

At eight the following evening Joe Edmunds drew up before the imposing portal of the Montview Club and turned over to a shocked doorman his father's Model T Ford. Aside from the vehicle Joe was all right, because his Tuxedo was new and perfectly fitting and he happened to be a broad-shouldered,

(Continued on page fourteen)

“. . . and, Grandma, I rode my birthday bike clear around the block! . . .”

No THRILL like hearing a child's eager voice, the satisfying words of grown-ups. Birthdays or anniversaries? . . . they're especially good times to call. • Perhaps you don't realize how easy it is to telephone out of town, how little it costs. After 8:30 P. M., for example, you can talk (station-to-station) about 75 miles for 35c; 150 miles, 50c; 275 miles, 75c. Remember: *Night-time is bargain-time for telephoning out of town!*

"Hold the line, please!"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

(Cont'd from page twelve)

thin-waisted, light-haired youth whose features, if rugged, were pleasant.

A score of tables were set up in the lounge and a hundred well dressed, well bred, attractive people stood about in groups chattering cheerfully. Montview was a fashionable community located some ten miles from Elmville, which was truly rural. He looked for Susie but didn't locate her until she called to him from a chattering group.

As she came toward him Joe very nearly turned to stone. Susie wasn't pretty. She was transcendently beautiful.

She was wearing an orange gown of satin which set off a figure so exquisite that it couldn't belong to Susie. Her big black eyes were brilliant and her smile was so dazzling that he couldn't bear it. In the old days Susie had worn a metal band on those very regular gleaming white teeth and had put up with a lot of razzing from Joe on the subject.

Susie, who had been scrawny, now had beautiful arms and a smooth, plump bosom which was daringly displayed.

"Hello, Joe," Susie said cordially. "Won't you come and meet some of the people?"

Mumbling something, he tottered along, pausing for introductions to men and women who, so far as he knew, had neither names nor faces.

"And Mr. Summerfield," she said finally.

THE bank manager was a tall thin man with graying hair, small blue eyes, a large nose, and a dark mustache which partially covered what Joe was certain must be a mean mouth.

Bridge began and Joe found himself at a table with strangers. Having a lot on his mind, he was oblivious of the politely satirical remarks of a Mrs. Warren who had the misfortune to draw him as a partner, but he did have the grace to apologize to the lady when, at the end of two hours, his poor bidding turned out to have cost her five or six dollars. He asked her to dance and was relieved when she curtly refused, because he could get sooner to Susie.

BUT Susie was already dancing with Mr. Summerfield and it was several minutes before he had a chance to cut in.

"Susie," he said ardently, "you look swell."

Susie seemed startled by a compliment from such a source. Joe's technique immediately became faulty.

"This Summerfield," he said venomously, "is cyanide. Tie a can to him."

Susie stiffened; her black eyes snapped.

"Aren't you presuming on slight acquaintance?" she asked sharply.

"Slight acquaintance!" he exclaimed. "Permit me to introduce myself. The name is Joe Edmunds."

Susie smiled whimsically. "I knew a girl who was quite a friend of yours. She's dead or something."

"I've been sizing that guy up," he said doggedly. "He's a vulture."

"You're Mr. Summerfield's guest," she reminded him.

"Well, I don't like the idea. What say you and I slip out and go for a ride in dad's flivver?"

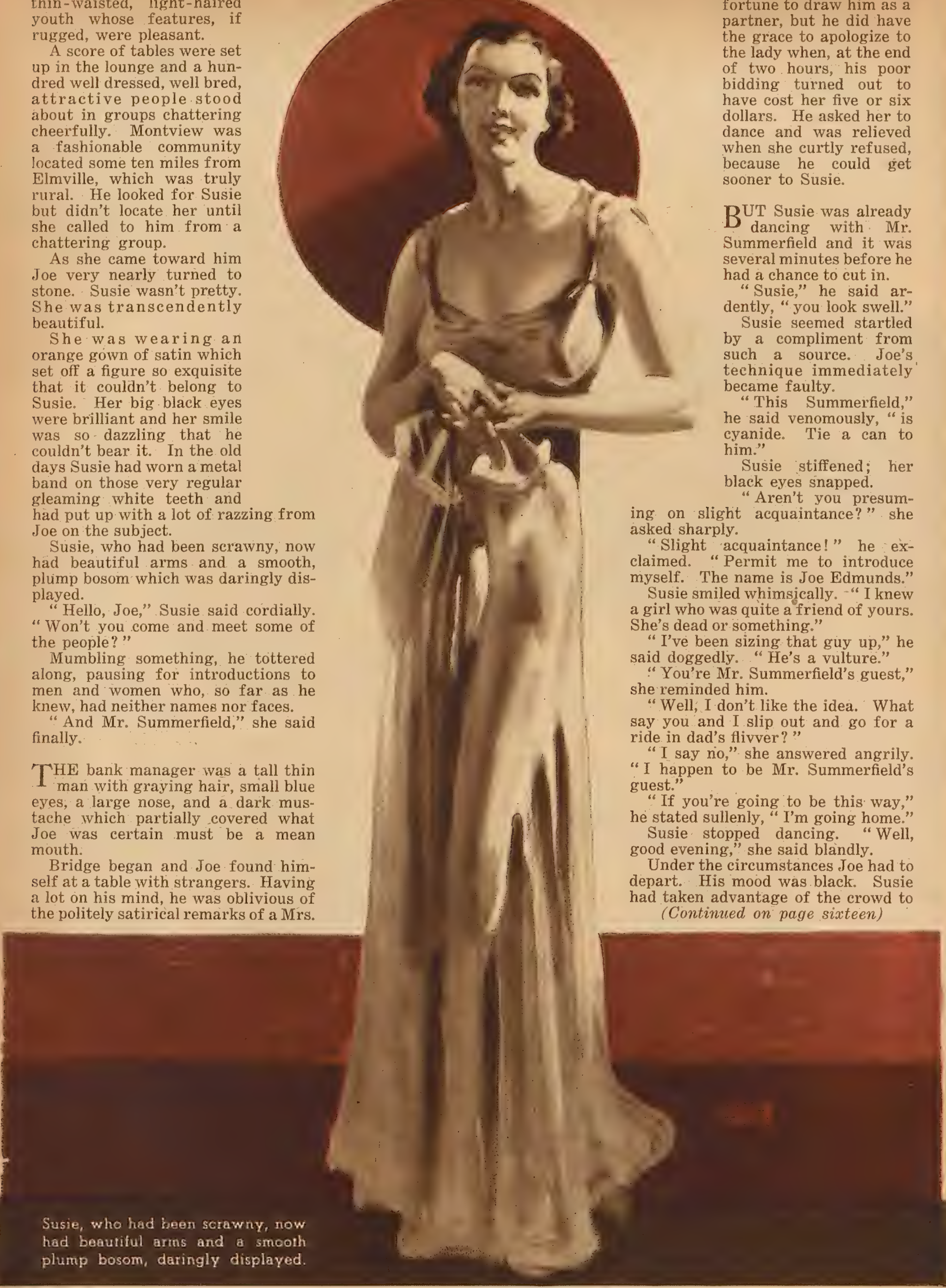
"I say no," she answered angrily. "I happen to be Mr. Summerfield's guest."

"If you're going to be this way," he stated sullenly, "I'm going home."

Susie stopped dancing. "Well, good evening," she said blandly.

Under the circumstances Joe had to depart. His mood was black. Susie had taken advantage of the crowd to

(Continued on page sixteen)



Susie, who had been scrawny, now had beautiful arms and a smooth plump bosom, daringly displayed.

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Though many smokers fall in love with Spud from the first cool puff, others open their eyes pretty wide. That unfamiliar coolness! But try a few more. Your surprise disappears. All you know, then, is that you are smoking grand tobacco . . . *and that your mouth stays fresh as a May morning.*

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**SPUD
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(Continued from page fourteen)

defy him. In the old days, when he had wanted Susie to go somewhere he hadn't consulted her wishes. He had dragged her along, and made her like it.

It was the custom of Joseph Edmunds, who worked on a morning paper, to sleep until noon, and he had so informed his mother upon arrival. At noon he rose, bathed, shaved, and descended to the dining room. Joe was in fine fettle. The argument with Susie at the party was a trifle and the thing to do was to ignore it. As Susie had demonstrated that she thought pretty well of herself nowadays, he'd have to use less sandpaper and more soft soap, but without question things were going to be all right.

After a most satisfactory breakfast Joe put on his straw hat and left the house and sauntered slowly up Elm Street. When he arrived at the Morrow fence he had a glimpse of her black head in the rose garden. Vaulting the fence, he cut across the grounds and bore down upon her.

"Hi, Susie!" he called joyfully.

Susie looked up. "Oh, it's you," she said as though grieved at the discovery.

While she was wearing the blue pants under a kitchen apron and had on a loose red jacket with ink on the sleeves, the bright sun was pouring down upon her and her beauty was no hallucination. What four years had done for that girl!

"Big doings tonight," he informed her. "We'll go forth in pursuit of roadhouses in dad's Ford."

Susie smiled at him exasperatingly. "We could go in my car, which is a very nice car," she said, "except that I don't like roadhouses and I don't care much for you and I happen to have an engagement for this evening."

"I'm sorry I lost my temper last night," he said with amazing meekness. "Be a good fellow, Susie. I've only got a week's vacation. Give this guy the air tonight."

Susie dropped her shears, removed her apron, and placed her little hands on her hips.

"You don't seem to realize that you're in the dog house," she said sternly. "Your outrageous conduct last night caused comment. You're too crude to associate with nice people. If you imagine that you can ignore my existence for four years and come back here and attempt to tell me what I shall do and who my friends will be—" Susie was working herself into a temper, which was an error.

Joe's eyes began to gleam with a mad light.

"Now you've that off your chest," he said firmly, "put on your best bib and tucker and be ready for me at eight."

"Oh!" cried Susie. "Be ready for you, eh? I'm keeping my engagement with Mr. Summerfield." She added emphasis by stamping her foot.

TIME was turning backward again, but upon this occasion in broad daylight.

"I've had enough of your impudence!" exclaimed the old Joe Edmunds. He grasped Susie by her shoulders and shook her violently.

"You're keeping away from that note shaver," he said through clenched teeth. "Ouch!"

For the beautiful Miss Morrow, in the manner of her youth, had kicked him in the shin with a stout walking shoe.

Their eyes met. Susie was terror-stricken. She backed away hastily. She extended her arms, the palms of her hands up.

"You let me alone, you big bully!" she cried shrilly.

"Are you doing what you're told?" he demanded menacingly. With a squeal, Susie turned and ran. He caught her in a few strides, pinioned her arms and kissed her savagely.

Susie broke the kiss by sinking two white teeth into his lower lip.

"You little beast!" he ejaculated. "I'll fix you for that."

Picking her up bodily, he ran with her to a rustic seat, laid her on his knees, and spanked her lustily while she kicked and squirmed. Finally managing to roll off his knees, she crawled away and got to her feet. Her face was crimson. She wiped away tears with the back of her right hand.

"You nasty brute!" she cried. "You get out of here! I never want to speak to you again." She stamped her foot. "Why don't you go?"

Joe was grinning broadly. "It's a long time since I've had to spank you, Susie," he stated. "We're going places tonight. Don't get the idea that you haven't got to do what I tell you just because I've been away for a while. If I find that loan shark cluttering up the premises, I'll comb his hair with a rake."

Susie smiled at him mistily. "It was a bit of old times," she said softly. "Joe, you almost had me under your thumb again. But you've been away too long."

"And I'm sorry for that, Susie," he said earnestly. "I hope I didn't hurt you. You're a swell little pal. Do you know something? I think we'll probably get married."

Susie's eyes sparkled. She placed a thumb and forefinger under her chin and bent her knees in a child's bobbing curtsy.

"How wonderful!" she said in a childish treble. She laughed wildly. "But I'm keeping my engagement."

Whereupon she scampered toward the house exactly like a scared rabbit.

A LITTLE dazed, Joe moved toward home. He had actually proposed to Susie. A fellow in his position had no business getting married. He hadn't intended to marry for years. Anyway, the thing was done. And he was glad. He had been fond of Susie as a kid, and now that she was the most beautiful thing on earth, he was out of his mind about her. Of course he would marry her. While they might have a hard time getting along in New York on his seventy-five a week, he had no expensive tastes and Susie wasn't used to very much.

He burst into the kitchen to find his mother busy at the stove. She sensed his excitement.

"Joe!" she exclaimed. "Has something happened?"

"No, nothing," he said loftily, "except that I'm going to marry Susie. For heaven's sake, mother, don't cry. You wanted me to marry her, didn't you?"

"I'm so happy!" sobbed Mrs. Edmunds, who threw her arms around him and sobbed on his shoulder. "She's one of God's angels, so she is."

Joe felt ruefully of the place on his lip where Susie had bitten him. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he replied, "but she's a great girl. How do you suppose I forgot Susie all these years?"

"She never forgot you, Joe," his mother told him with reproach. "Many's the time she's sat here in this kitchen while I read your letters to her. She never complained because you didn't mention her. When we were having our bad time I don't know what we would have done without Susie. Now that it's all in the family— Drat it, that's the front-door bell."

"I'll go, mother." The scene was getting lachrymose and he withdrew gladly.

There was an old man named Seth Durgin, who did odd jobs about the depot, out on the porch.

"The operator sent me up with a telegram for you, Joe. And he said for you to give me a quarter."

Joe glanced at the signature and it was Rankin, who was his managing editor:

Just learned that Susan Morrow lives in Elmville. Wire a column interview about the book she's working on.

"He's goofy," murmured Joe Edmunds. Susan Morrow, who wrote Dark Daylight and a couple of other best sellers, didn't live in Elmville. There was only one Susan Morrow living in Elmville: Susie. Susie!

Susie had said she scribbled, but Susan Morrow was a great writer, a very sophisticated writer, a woman of the world.

"Mother!" he bellowed. "Susie never wrote a book, did she?"

Mrs. Edmunds appeared in the kitchen door. "Why, yes," she said. "Of course she did. Didn't I ever write you about that?"

"You did not!" he cried angrily. "You never write anything important. Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't she tell me?"

"Well, well, what's there to get excited about?" Mrs. Edmunds inquired testily. "I'm sure I must have told you. She wrote a couple of books, and she must have made money, because—Joe darling!"

Joe had dropped upon the hall bench and buried his face in his hands.

"I'm O. K.," he mumbled.

"Well, you act kind of funny." She sat down beside him. "It's all in the family, dear," she said contentedly. "So there ain't any reason to keep it a secret any more. It was Susie who took care of our mortgage."

Joe moaned.

"Ain't you feeling well?" his mother asked anxiously.

He lifted a strained countenance. "I'm fine. Only I've had a telegram calling me back to New York."

FRED MacISAAC *who was once a newspaperman, now lives on a hilltop in Hollywood although he is not connected with the movies. Produced plays, operas, etc., but settled down to writing fiction ten years ago. Has written "tons of it" since then, including novels, serials, and many short stories.*

"But, Joe, I'm having spareribs and cabbage for supper. You know you love spareribs and cabbage."

Joe started for the stairs. "I have to go right away," he cried loudly.

"But you can't go! You only just got engaged to Susie."

"That's off!" he shouted. "Don't you tell anybody about that."

Bursting into his room, he started throwing things into his suitcase. Nothing in the world would induce him to interview Susan Morrow! He'd tell the boss he hadn't received the telegram.

He was wildly resentful of the circumstances which had persuaded him to make a gigantic idiot of himself. His mother was to blame. Here was Susie, living down the street, who had become a famous novelist, and Mrs. Edmunds wrote him about tomato pickles. Susie was to blame. She had no business receiving him on the old footing. If he had had the brains of a gnat he would have understood, after seeing Susie at the Montview Club, that she had grown up and couldn't be tossed around and spanked like the kid who used to tag after him. She must have realized the first night that he didn't know she was the famous Susan Morrow. She deliberately had led him on to make an ass of himself.

She had schemed to make him fall in love with her so she could get even for four years of neglect. And, like a sublime goof, he had condescended to get engaged to her; had breezed home and broadcast an engagement that didn't exist. Leave it to his mother to tell the whole town! That would give Miss Susan Morrow a big laugh. Maybe she had put the editor up to sending that telegram. How she would gloat when the bumptious Joe Edmunds had to approach her, hat in hand, and beg for an interview!

Well, he'd make money somehow. He'd get the mortgage out of her hands. Maybe he would write a novel himself, finer than anything she had ever done.

The bag was packed. He jammed on his hat and started downstairs. As he reached the hallway the front door opened and his mother came in with Susan Morrow.

Joe stared at her in horror. Now was the time for the earth to open up. It didn't, so he squared his shoulders and lifted his chin and met her eyes defiantly.

"Hello, Joe," said Susan cheerfully. "Where are you going with that nice shiny suitcase?"

"I am going to New York," he said sepulchrally.

SUSAN looked reproachful. "I thought we had an engagement tonight."

"Have your fun," he retorted bitterly. He pulled out the telegram and tossed it at her. She caught it deftly, opened it, and beamed.

"All right," she said. "I don't give interviews, but of course I'll make an exception in your case, Joe."

"You will not!" he said harshly. "I'm damned if I interview you. You're Susan Morrow, are you? Well, I wouldn't give a whoop if you had written the Bible. The heck with you!"

Susie turned to Mrs. Edmunds. "Joe is mad about something," she said as though perplexed. "And we were such good friends. Only a while ago we were romping in my garden."

There was a tortured howl from Joe. "Go on—sneer at me!" he shouted. "Rub my nose in the dirt. Laugh yourself sick and see if I care!"

"I don't feel like laughing," said Susan hotly. "Wire your editor I refuse to be interviewed. Don't break your mother's heart by running away. Make him take his bag upstairs, Mrs. Edmunds."

"How does it feel to be famous?" demanded Joe obnoxiously. "Let me tell you that women novelists give me a pain. I hate intellectual females. I was crazy about little Susie Morrow, but Susan Morrow the authoress doesn't interest me. I'm getting out of this damn' town this minute. Do I have to shove you out of my way, Miss Susan Morrow?"

Susie's black eyes narrowed and the color faded from her satin cheeks and her hands clenched and her red lips whitened and drew into a straight line.

"No, you beast," she said contemptuously. "Let's see you scamper."

She stepped aside. Joe pulled open the front door.

"Mr. Edmunds," Susan called sharply—"my lawyers will communicate with you in a day or two."

Joe whirled about. "Lawyers? What for?" he rasped.

Susan's face suddenly flamed and her eyes were concealed beneath drooping lids.

"I—I'm going to sue you for breach of promise," she said shakily.

JOE'S suitcase clonked on the floor. He stared at her piteously. "For God's sake, Susie," he pleaded, "don't—don't kid me any more."

Susie smiled at him audaciously. "You said you'd marry me. You told your mother we were engaged," she declared. "She is my witness."

Mrs. Edmunds bridled. "Susie Morrow," she cried shrilly, "you been awful good to us, but blood is thicker than water. If you think I'll be a witness against my Joe—"

Laughing hysterically, Joe swooped on his mother, rushed her to the kitchen, pushed her in, and closed the door on her.

"Susie darling!" he cried.

The front door slammed. Miss Susan Morrow, the eminent novelist, had turned into a scared rabbit again. Whooping joyfully, he gave chase. He overtook her halfway down the path and threw his arms around her from behind. "You don't have to sue me, Susie," he cried blissfully. "I'll make an honest woman of you."

Susie twisted around in his grasp. Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"You darn' fool," she sobbed, "you've got me under your thumb again."

Joe dropped upon the lawn and pulled her down with him.

"Gosh, Susie, you don't know how I suffered!" he exclaimed.

Susie looked up at him, smiling. "You were very nasty, you know," she said. "One might even think you were jealous because I write books."

"That wasn't it, darling. I thought if you were the great Susan Morrow you were just making a sap out of me. Susan Morrow wouldn't let a big ape paw her and slam her round and tell her that she had to marry him. I was so ashamed of myself I nearly died!"

Susan put up her lips. "I love being under your thumb, Joe," she said softly.

"If I'd known who you were I'd have been respectful."

"But a really bright newspaperman would have known who I was."

"Who said I was bright?" he asked disgustedly. "How about this Summerfield?"

"He's my banker, that's all. Joe, I only returned to Elmville because I knew you'd come back."

Joe pushed Susie over on the grass and bent down and pressed his lips to hers.

"Joe Edmunds!" called Mrs. Edmunds from the front door. "You stop that. Susie Morrow, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Right in full view of the street. You children come in the house this minute!"

They sat up. "O. K., mother," he answered dutifully.

THE END

DR. R. E. LEE, Director of Fleischmann

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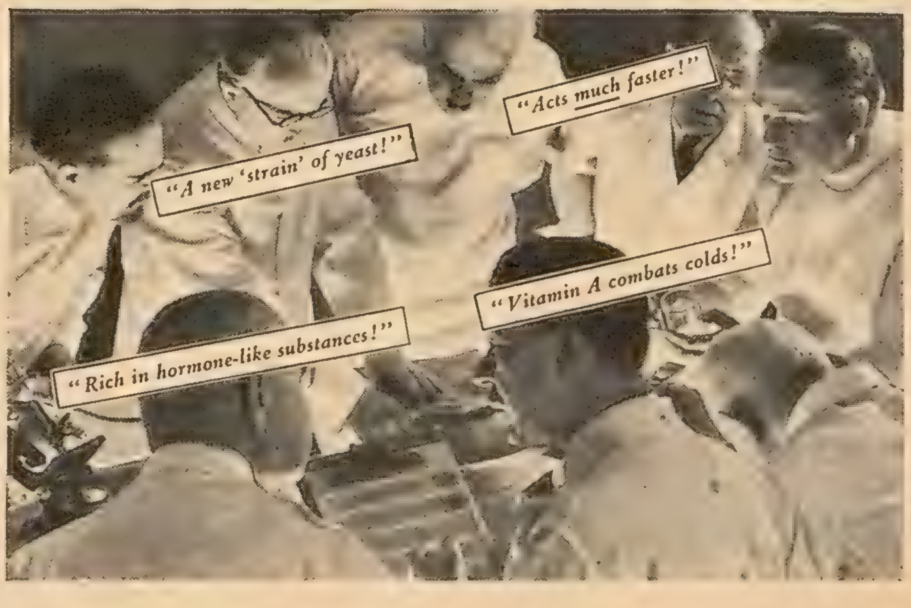
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Most constipation and indigestion, doctors now know, come from a *slowing up* of your digestive juices and muscles.

*New "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances (as in your glands) which stimulate digestive secretions and muscles *as nothing else can!*

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By making your digestive juices flow faster, and digestive muscles work harder—*from stomach on down!* Food is better "churned"—digested . . . you no longer have that "stuffed" feeling, heartburn, indigestion after meals. Also, wastes are more quickly carried through the body, disposed of.

How much better than harsh cathartics, which act by irritation!

Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast "normalizes" your digestive tract . . . really *corrects* constipation and indigestion!

NEW STRONGER "STRAIN" of Yeast, discovered in famous U. S. medical college, speeds flow of digestive juices, strengthens the digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A helps combat colds, too!)

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Your skin, being an organ of elimination (just like the bowels) "breaks out" when your system is clogged with impurities.

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9. Will it prevent Colds?

It helps!—by freeing your system of poisons and supplying Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin, also found in cod liver oil. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is rich in Vitamin A, as well as Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins!

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Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast daily—plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal.

A food, "XR" Yeast should be eaten even after you've begun to see quick results. If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. Eat it regularly, until you feel *thoroughly* well. Get a supply—and start now!

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FRAZIER HUNT

IN this series Mr. Hunt answers the world's questions about the Prince of Wales. He not only knows him intimately, being one of his nearest neighbors in Alberta, Canada, where both have ranches, but has lately spent three months in London getting the facts about him for Liberty.

Will the Prince ever marry? "Never," Mr. Hunt answered flatly in Liberty last week. "He will, if he lives, be the first Bachelor King of England." Why never? To a large degree, it is the truth that he has thus far been too busy to marry. From twenty to twenty-four he was deep in the World War; then came the post-armistice reaction, with his efforts to help his comrades; after that he began touring the globe as "recementer of the British Empire" and "Prince of Sales." And by the time he was thirty-five it was certain that if he married he would choose for himself. He had long resisted pressure on him to marry for reasons of state—and, Mr. Hunt implies, he will continue to do so.

Besides, "he has one or two great women friends whom he admires very deeply. There are obvious reasons why he cannot marry among them, even if he so wished. For one thing, they are 'commoners.'"

Will he refuse to be King? "I can say on the highest authority," Mr. Hunt declared, "that he will follow the line of his duty and become King Edward VIII of England."

PART TWO — CHILD OF DESTINY

I SHALL never forget the first time I was formally introduced to the Prince of Wales. To call it "formally" is really stretching a point, because nothing can be quite formal when Nancy, Lady Astor, has anything to do with it. We had long been friends and had many hot arguments—especially over Russia.

Now, around the smart London night clubs I had in the years following the war seen the Prince a number of times. We had bumped into each other once or twice on the crowded floors and he had good-naturedly taken more than half the blame—and then added a smile for good measure. Not in a thousand years could I ever be any such graceful dancer as the Prince was, and still is, for that matter. I, being almost a foot taller than he is, felt very much like a fat oaf from the brush country.

That somewhat describes how I felt that night at Lady Astor's London house. The Prince and his hostess stood alone in a small room off a reception hall. As each guest strolled in his name

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As a "snooty"—meaning a midshipman in the British Navy—at seventeen. "Here was a life that he loved."

Wide World photo

Right: Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David—all of which he was christened—in full military uniform with the bearskin of the Guards.

Queen Victoria Picks First Bachelor Prince

© Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

With Princess Mary, his sister, and (right) the brother who is now Duke of York, in the year of Queen Victoria's death.

© Brown Bros.

Grand Duchess Olga with the Czar. Victoria picked her as "fiancee" for today's Prince of Wales when both were babies.

was called out by a uniformed butler, and after he had crossed the room and greeted the irrepressible and mischievous Lady Astor, she in turn introduced him to the Prince.

There had been a lull in the stream of guests when, dressed up to kill in tails and white tie, I gave my name to the butler and heard it shouted out while I stepped forward.

At once Lady Astor put on her act. Grabbing the Prince by the arm, she fairly screamed: "Oh, this is awful! Here comes the most dangerous man in England! He's a Bolsheviki bomb thrower and he's just shaved off his beard. Do be careful, sir!"

The Prince stuck out a strong athletic hand and, shaking with laughter, gave me a good grip.

"He doesn't really look so terrible," he managed to say, despite the din of Lady Astor's vocal barrage.

"Terrible! Terrible!" she shouted. "You don't know! He's the worst Red in England! And more—he's an American! He should be deported!"

Then the exuberant and boisterous Nancy settled back into the kindly and hospitable ambassador at large that she really is. Turning to the Prince, she said in a serious tone: "Really, sir, you should get this man to tell his views about Russia. He's been all over the place several times and he does know something about it—although we fight like cats and dogs."

The Prince was intensely interested. "That's one place I haven't been," he said. "It's certainly important to know about it! Were you there at the start of the revolution?"

I explained that I had gone up to North Russia immediately after the armistice and had gone into Soviet Russia during the worst days of the so-called Red Terror and blockade. Eagerly he asked questions—and then a name was called and I bowed and started away.

"We'll talk some more some day," he called after me.

That "some day" was to be three years long, and the place the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, 6,000 miles away. Later I shall write of my Canadian neighbor on his own Western ranch; but right now it is more important to swing through the early years of this fascinating Prince and find out the background and influence that are responsible for the making of the man of today.

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Still on the sunny side of two — which was his age when his great-grandmother made a match for him!

It was forty years ago this past June 23 when he was born at White Lodge, which nestles in the great trees of Richmond Park, a few miles from Windsor Castle.

Grover Cleveland was serving his second term as President of the United States—busy at the time with trying to recover from the panic of 1893.

Queen Victoria was in the fifty-eighth year of her unprecedented reign. At this time she was an austere and rigid sovereign of seventy-five.

Her grandson, Kaiser William II, had been Emperor of Germany for exactly six years and eight days.

Her eldest son—uncle of this rather willful thirty-five-year-old German Emperor—had been Prince of Wales for fifty-two years. He would still have to wait six and a half years more before he would become Edward VII.

Photo by Hal Phyfe

Mr. Hunt. "He doesn't look terrible!" the Prince said when Lady Astor introduced him.

The son of this then Prince of Wales—like the Kaiser, a grandson of the Queen—was known on this momentous June day in 1894 as the Duke of York. Sixteen years later he was to become George V of England.

It was to this Duke of York and his English wife that the little Prince was born. Two years before the Duke's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence—in direct line for the throne and soon to be married—had died. So it was that George was called from his beloved life on the sea and married his departed brother's fiancée.

It was ten thirty in the morning of this bright June day when a nurse hurried downstairs with the glad tidings. In the library of the country house the rather stout and liverish Edward, Prince of Wales, was helping the brand-new father to bear up under the strain.

Two days later Queen Victoria herself drove from Windsor Castle; and twenty-one days after that she came again to take charge of the royal christening. The blue-eyed baby lay in her motherly lap while the gorgeously bedecked Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Church of England, sprinkled on the baby's head water brought especially from the River Jordan and solemnly pronounced his name—Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. It is said on very poor authority that the young man howled long and vigorously when they handed him that seven-handled moniker.

But it couldn't be helped. They had to include the names of important relatives, and then at the end the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Edward was for his grandfather; Albert for his great-grandfather, Victoria's Prince Consort—"Albert the Good"; Christian for his Danish great-grandfather, the father of Edward's wife; and George for both his own father and the English patron saint.

THEY called him David—after the patron saint of Wales. The Queen would have put her foot down and insisted on the name Albert; but the baby's grandmother, later to be Queen Alexandra, was still mourning the recent death of her own son Albert, Duke of Clarence. Years later David was to be known officially as Edward.

But what chance in the world had the royal princeling to grow up into a normal human being?

Could he ever really touch hands with common humanity?

Could he keep pace with the ever-changing world?

Would he follow tradition and the line of least resistance: marry at an early age the bride, little known to him, who would be chosen for him for reasons of state?

Today, after forty momentous years, the chapters that follow in this series will answer these questions.

Now, George III is a name in American history to conjure with. It is an interesting fact that the baby Prince was related to this famous monarch by direct blood strains *through both his parents.* Little David's great-grandmother on his father's side was Queen Victoria, who was the daughter of Edward, the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of George III. David's great-grandfather on his mother's side was Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, the seventh son of George III. In other words, two of his great-great-grandfathers were brothers, both sons of the King who lost the American colonies.

Besides a good percentage of rich red or purple English blood, this baby David had a large infusion of German and a healthy dose of Danish blood. From this last came his blue eyes and his tawny hair and his insatiable love for the sea.

It is a strange mixture of bloods, and it produced a strange and elusive personality. All his life there was to be a strong strain of adventure tugging at him. He was time and again to show the personal courage of his Norse ancestors. He was to be many-sided and chock-full of contradictions. He was to be restless, to turn eagerly from one new enthusiasm to another. At times he was to be as stubborn as his "Granny," Victoria.

FROM her princely German consort Victoria had learned austerity and the severest sort of discipline. In this business of managing a royal family there was in the eyes of the German Prince no time for foolishness. It was royalty's place to be aloof, removed from the common touch. He believed quite honestly in the divine right of kings—and he implanted many of his ideas and theories in the youthful Queen. Certainly the present Prince of Wales inherits none of his humor or joy of life from this particular ancestor.

Legend has it that David was the only one of the busy Queen's many grandchildren and great-grandchildren—the latter including the Crown Prince of Germany—who was ever able to penetrate her aloofness and austerity. For instance, she would never permit the other youngsters to kiss her cheek—only her hand. Not so the sly David. He would crawl into her lap and, throwing his arms around her neck, give her a big smack. Of course she loved it. And only David had the courage to be quite natural.

Queen Victoria was a master matchmaker. She married off her daughters and sons with sureness and rapidity. Little David had hardly turned two when the Czarina of Russia visited England, bringing along her daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, then scarcely a year old. Toddling about the nursery while the Queen looked on, Olga went down with a crash. Gallant little David rushed to her aid and kissed her. The eyes of the Queen twinkled.

"What a sweet alliance," she is reported to have said.

But war and revolution saved David from any such fate. He became the Bachelor Prince of all the world, and on a July night in 1918 poor Olga crumpled up in a heap before an unauthorized Bolsheviki firing squad in Ekaterinburg in the bloody days of the Red Revolution.

This passing suggestion was the initial bit of royal contriving to get the heir to the throne safely and wisely married. It was to continue to the present day. Victoria was to pass the job on to his grandmother, Queen Alexandra, and finally it was to rest in the hands of his mother, the present Queen. But he was to outwit them all—as well as the mothers of almost all the eligible young princesses of all Europe.

These calculating mamas were to parade their offerings before the *(Continued on page twenty-four)*

Betty's ready for 8 hours Beauty sleep..

—What about her SKIN?

Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up Hollywood's way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly leaves bits of stale rouge and powder still in the pores. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps — warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin
Claudette Colbert
PARAMOUNT STAR
LUX
TOILET SOAP

NRA CODE

(Continued from page twenty-two)

Prince in England, and to wangle official and semiofficial visits from him that they might show off their daughters in their own courts.

Probably Queen Marie of Roumania—intelligent, shrewd, and determined—was to take the deadliest aim at the Prince. On several occasions her daughter, Princess Ileana, was packed off to London and stood on the auction block. The Prince was very kind and taught her some of the latest dance steps—but that was all.

It was this same Princess Ileana who visited the United States with her indefatigable mother and had the romantic evening with a young cadet officer at West Point.

There were a number of other foreign princesses as well: the rather lovely Princess Ingrid of Sweden, some years younger than the Prince; the Princess Victoria Luise of Prussia, the Kaiser's daughter; and, of course, daughters of the Kings of both Italy and Spain.

I have been told that for several years before the war broke out the Kaiser wished above all things to have the Prince for his son-in-law, in spite of the fact that he was two years younger than the Princess Victoria Luise, the Kaiser's only daughter. It is said this plan was favored by the royal house of Denmark, and in particular by the late Queen Louise. However, it came to nothing, as the then Prince and Princess of Wales—the present King and Queen—said their son was much too young for any marriage to be discussed.

David was six and a half when his parents took him with his brother Albert and sister Mary on a hurried journey to Osborne, on the Isle of Wight. Queen Victoria was dying. On January 22, 1901, as twilight was falling, her indomitable spirit gave in. The little boy clutched at his mother's hand and tried to understand why his father and grandfather and all the others were softly crying.

It was his first experience with death. Fourteen years later he was to walk over battlefields where death stalked unchecked. But now he was only a frightened little boy looking for the first time into the eternal mystery.

THE grandfather whom he loved so passionately—the genial, thwarted, and frustrated Edward—was now King. He was almost sixty. He knew what it was to be Prince of Wales and grow old and tired and discouraged as Prince of Wales. He knew how much the severe discipline and Arthurian idea of royal prerogatives had cost him. And now, with his own word at long last a law in the royal family, he was determined that his grandson should be burdened with no such handicaps and conscious frustrations as had been imposed on him.

The way he unconsciously won the abiding love and respect of his little grandson is a very beautiful and memorable thing. David returned his affection with interest. With his grandfather he was more at ease and freer than with his parents, to whom was left the job of discipline. There is one rather amusing story about a day when a seamstress, making dresses for little Princess Mary, came to the nursery of the Cottage at Sandringham. David insisted that she come right in. "Maybe I better wait; there may be some one in there," she said.

"Come right along," David insisted; "there's no one in there besides us—except grandpa."

It was this same "grandpa" who was largely responsible for a piece of good fortune that was to have a profound effect. With the boy approaching seven, it was decided that it was time that he had a man tutor. The choosing of this mentor was a very delicate problem. In his hands would be placed a small human being whom destiny had marked out to bear great responsibilities.

Master of a small private school at New Barnet was a six-foot-three rangy Oxford graduate by the name of H. P. Hansell. He had tutored Prince Arthur of Connaught, a nephew of Edward VII, and had done a good job. To his hands was intrusted the task of making a prince and a future king.

FOR twelve years, until the day war was declared, this wise preceptor slowly opened the mind of his royal charge to the great world. He taught him to look straight through sham and pretense and find the truth.

He taught him manliness. And most important of all, he taught him duty and service.

This growing boy had far more to learn than the ordinary lad. Besides his book lessons, he had to be specially trained. He had to learn many extra "dos" as well as a long string of "don'ts." There was to be no shirking or escaping his destiny. He was in for it.

There is no question but that Mr. Hansell—now slowly dying in an English sanitarium from a stroke of paralysis—had more influence on the Prince's life than any other individual who touched it. One of the first men I asked to see when I was last in London was this extraordinary tutor. The Prince's secretary shook his head.

"I'm sorry, but it's impossible," he said slowly. "Mr. Hansell had a stroke two or three years ago and has been in a nursing home ever since. No one can see him."

Time and again I have been told of the great part this rather gaunt and silent man had in the making of the Prince. To this day the affection the Prince bears him has never lessened. He constantly asks after him and sees that everything is done that can help make him comfortable.

A few weeks before David was ten he was sent to the naval training school at Osborne. His father had been an active sailor, a captain and later an admiral in the British Navy, and it was natural and correct that he should follow in his footsteps.

He had little preparation for the boy problems that he must face in the school at Osborne. At Sandringham his tutor had organized a football team for him and his brother from the boys of the great estate and the community. (Incidentally, of the eleven boys of this team, all served gallantly in the World War, all but one were wounded, and four were killed.) There had also been some little cricket with young Eton boys; but by and large David had had no genuine contact with boys of his own age.

PERK-UPS

by JACQUELINE LARK

1. This game is based on HOMONYMS, which are words having the same sound but different in meaning.

2. 1A and 1B are a set of HOMONYMS. 2A and 2B are another, etc.

3. To score yourself, check a PERK-UP each time you get a HOMONYM and a CAST-DOWN each time you are stumped.

Every year when we were kids my sister and I 1A . . . . . . spend 2A . . . . . . weeks at 3A . . . . . . Liza's farm, sometimes in the winter and sometimes in the summer. We have 4A . . . . . . these visits since 5A . . . . . . been 6A . . . . . . up. Our 3A . . . . . . Liza 7A . . . . . . us to 5B . . . . . . baskets of 8A . . . . . . sweet grass. 2B . . . . . . do this we had to hold the blades of grass 7B . . . . . . It was fun to 9B . . . . . . it and we even 10A . . . . . . baskets big enough to hold 1B . . . . . . 3A . . . . . . Liza's 10B . . . . . . used to help us pick the grass, and once very early in the morning while the 9A . . . . . . was still pretty thick and the 4B . . . . . . was 2C . . . . . . we heard her scream and 6B . . . . . . We hurried over to her and she cried hysterically, "11A . . . . . . is an awful bug down my back. Help! help!" It's a standing joke in our family now, as it was only a little 3B . . . . . . and 5A . . . . . . kidded her about it ever since.

We had even more fun in the winter. 3A . . . . . . Liza had a grand old 12A . . . . . . with a black silky 13A . . . . . . We used 2B . . . . . . hitch her to a 14A . . . . . . She had a nice easy 15A . . . . . . for driving, although no one but Uncle Bob ever 16A . . . . . . her. She had one peculiarity. We could take her successfully on any old 16B . . . . . . except one. When she'd get to the 15B . . . . . . of a certain 17A . . . . . . she wouldn't budge. We could yell ourselves 12B . . . . . . but she'd just stand stock-still and 18A . . . . . . It was on the 13B . . . . . . thoroughfare of the little village that this always happened. It would 14B . . . . . . you to see us sitting there with folks gathering to watch us 17B . . . . . . our plight. The whole town knew about the idiosyncrasy of 3A . . . . . . Liza's old 12A . . . . . . Of 8B . . . . . . they wouldn't think of helping us. It would spoil 11B . . . . . . fun. Old farmer Jones used to yell, "18B . . . . . . children, I can't help yer; jest you set there 'n' wait 'n' the ole gal'll turn roun' in 9C . . . . . . time." And sure enough she would. We loved to tell our 3A . . . . . . when we arrived home that we had succeeded in passing the 15B . . . . . . at the 17A . . . . . . but she'd go right to the phone and hear the truth from old farmer Jones.

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 42

During these boyhood days the Prince started his riding that later was to be so important in his life—and incidentally to cause such worry to his family and to the people of England. Later on I am going to tell the whole inside story of the Prince's horsemanship, answer the question whether he is a good or bad rider, and settle this business about his "falling off."

It was about this time that the Prince did his first caddying for his father, then Prince of Wales. (The other day at a dinner in London the Prince explained why it was that his father had given up golf. "It always makes him so —— mad when he tries to play it," the humorous Prince confided.)

Almost without exception the ten- and eleven-year-old future admirals who were now David's classmates had been away at schools for two or three years. Many of them were hard-fisted little ruffians, accustomed to plenty of knocks and scraps. They had not been fussed over or spoiled in the least. They knew how to take care of themselves in rough-and-tumble contact with boys their own age.

Not so with David. It was all new to him. He was conscious, too, of the handicap of his official position. Both the King and his father might insist that he be treated exactly like all the other naval cadets, but there was still a real, though hidden, barrier.

Undoubtedly it was due to this that David developed his shyness and reserve. There was a certain undefined shock about his sudden contact with sturdy, independent, and no doubt at times cruel youngsters. He tried his best to be regular, and he succeeded to a large degree—but I believe that the experience brought the wistful look into his eyes and had much to do with certain little nervous gestures that long marked him.

HE lived under exactly the same harsh and unbending discipline as all the other lads. He slept in a great bare unheated dormitory, jumped out of his cot at six thirty when the bugle sounded, took his cold plunge, ate the same meager breakfast as the others, and did all the drills, classroom studies, and exercises. Besides, Mr. Hansell gave him special lessons and lectures.

The first week at Osborne he was dubbed "the Sardine." It was a contraction of "W(h)ales," so he was told. Later he was to be called "Royalty," "Eddie," and at Oxford he was to attain the pig-Latin name of "Pragger-Wagger." He had not the slightest objection to any of these nicknames. What he wanted most of all was to be accepted by his mates as an equal.

Two or three stories persist about these days at Osborne. One has to do with an out-of-bounds visit a group of cadets, David among them, made to a near-by castle, closed on Sunday. Denied entrance by the old gatekeeper, they finally persuaded David

NOW I'M SO MUCH HAPPIER

It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not *want* to use poisons. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

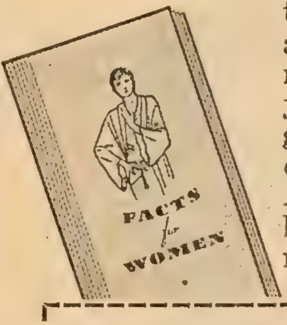
Doctors now recommend the practice of feminine hygiene without reservation. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is *safe*, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is *powerful*. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison, *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.*

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30¢, 60¢, $1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen or 35¢ a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



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A SHOE lasts as long as its sole—as you are probably reminded much too often.

That is why millions of parents are putting their boys and girls in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles—*because no sole ever built will outwear them!*

Tough, good-looking, waterproof—these longer-wearing soles make the whole shoe last longer—give weeks of extra wear—make it a long time between shoe bills.

Let youngsters have their fun—and spare your purse—by asking for these thrifty soles on new shoes and at repair shops. They don't cost a penny more.

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NRA CODE

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to avow that he was the son of the Prince of Wales. "Well, now, isn't that funny?" the old gatekeeper said with a twinkle in his eye. "Every time a group of you young rascals come here there's always a different one who's the Prince."

And there is a story about the time when the Czar of Russia visited Osborne, and the young Prince showed him over the grounds. Finally David lured him toward a sweetshop where a group of his own friends were waiting, and "stuck" the Czar for a treat all around. Pocket money for cadets, David included, was limited to a shilling a week, and not even a future King could run up a charge account.

I repeat, the young Prince tried his best to be accepted on absolutely equal terms. But respect for royalty is so ingrained in the English character that there was a subtle and indefinable but genuine line drawn.

In the United States the son of a President pretty well has to make his own way both in school and in outside life. At Groton the youngest Roosevelt boy took his chances with the rest of the lads in this exclusive New England school. At Harvard the third son of the President, by dint of hard grueling work, made the freshman crew and he now has some hope of capturing a seat in the varsity boat—but if there are eight better oarsmen at Harvard than he is he won't have a Chinaman's chance. A President's son may or may not be popular and successful as an individual. It is entirely up to him.

After two years at the naval school at Osborne, David entered the Royal Naval Cadet College at Dartmouth. This school would correspond somewhat to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, except that the course is three years and the cadets are four or five years younger. Graduating, they join their ship as midshipmen, not ensigns as in the United States Navy.

HE was now definitely embarked on a navy career. From babyhood he had been thrilled with stories of the sea and with the romance and greatness of the British Navy. His heroes were the old sea dogs of naval history. Here at the ancient harbor of Dartmouth that whole living colorful history swept like a moving panorama before his eyes. The mystic force that the sea is to some men was to draw him like a great and irresistible magnet.

Then on a May night in 1910 his great friend, the man who understood and sympathized with him, his grandfather, Edward VII, died suddenly from a heart attack complicated by a severe bronchial trouble.

Eight kings of Europe followed the coffin of the monarch; so did ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, who, journeying homeward after his hunting trip in Africa, had been designated to represent the United States at the funeral of England's King. Directly behind the coffin came the King's favorite mount draped in black, and at his heels trotted Edward's favorite little wire-haired terrier. He too knew that something had gone forever out of his life.

In a carriage with his brother and sister rode the new heir to the throne. He was riding straight into his destiny. From this moment the eyes of the world would be on him. Forever and ever he would have no true respite, no escape from fate.

On his sixteenth birthday, six weeks after the passing of Edward, King George gave him, along with many new titles including that of Baron of Renfrew, the title of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. It is little known, but this title of Prince of Wales is not inherited automatically by the eldest son of the new King. It is given to him when the King so desires. The one title that the heir of a new King automatically inherits is that of Duke of Cornwall. Incidentally, it is from the properties of the Duchy of Cornwall that the entire income of the Prince of Wales is derived. Later in this series the whole story of this duchy and the exact amount of the Prince's income will be told.

ON the day before his seventeenth birthday David attended the coronation of his father and mother as King and Queen. He sat at the right of the throne, and when in the colorful and magnificent ceremony it came his turn to pay homage to the King, an unforgettable incident happened.

Kneeling before the King, the slender blond boy said in a voice faltering with emotion:

"I, Prince of Wales, do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and trust I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

Then the lad rose to his feet and, touching the crown, kissed his father on his left cheek. The King forgot the great assembly and the lords and ladies gathered there and in one sweep of emotion drew this gentle son of his to him and kissed him in turn on the cheek. It was not King and Prince—it was father and son.

Three weeks later, at Carnarvon Castle in Wales, came the formal ceremony of his investiture with the robes and appurtenances of his title as Prince of Wales. It was the revival of a historic ceremony that had been dropped since 1616 but at the earnest demand of all Wales had now been revived.

There is a fascinating bit of history associated with the title and with the motto of the Prince. It is told that in 1284 Edward I, faced with a revolt in Wales, pledged them a prince of their own—and one who did not even speak English. Then he presented them his baby son, with the Welsh words *Eich dyn*—"This is your man." To that legendary beginning a tradition attributes the motto of the Prince of Wales, *Ich dien.* This motto, however, is the German for "I serve"—and according to another tradition it was adopted as such by the Black Prince at Crécy when he found it under a plume worn by the slain John, King of Bohemia, and understood it to mean, " I serve under the King, my father."

David's naval-school days were now drawing to a close. He still had hopes of a life at sea, and it was a happy boy who boarded the Hindustan, a British cruiser commanded by a former shipmate of his father's. Here for three months he lived the ordinary life of a midshipman, but with special instruction added.

In the British Navy they call a midshipman a " snooty," and a " snooty's " life leaves much to be desired. For one thing, he is the victim of two games called " fork in the beans " and " dogs of war." I am indebted to my friend Major Verney for the horrible details of these two naval pranks. It seems that when the senior members of the midshipmen's mess want the " snooties " to clear out pronto, a mess fork is stuck in the wooden partition and twanged. If any " snooty " is still within the mess hall when the fork has stopped vibrating there are well placed kicks and belt walloping. The Prince soon learned that the iron gun-room door was narrow, and when some senior shouted, " Fork in the beans! " David—now called Edward—was among the first to exit.

" Dogs of war " was much rougher. When the junior officer in charge of the gun room had his mighty ire aroused at any individual, he would shout, " Dogs of war—out Jones! " If Jones—or whatever his name might be—was not inordinately quick or very husky, he was pounced on by his mates and unceremoniously tossed out. Edward quickly learned both ends of that game too.

All in all, those three months on the good ship Hindustan were among the happiest in the Prince's whole life. His was the true heart of a sailor. He would be happy if he might follow the sea forever. At least he hoped that he might for some years to come.

When he got back to London he was told he was not to go to sea again and that he must prepare for Oxford.

IT was a shock that he was a long time getting over. For some time he and his tutor settled down at Sandringham and dug into the work of preparing to enter college. But the longing for the sea and the sense of frustration would not down, and finally Mr. Hansell strongly recommended that he be allowed to take his royal charge to Paris. There, where his grandfather had spent so many gay and happy—and expensive—days of his life, the young Prince might forget the sea that had been denied him.

Finally it was decided that he was to visit the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, in their Paris home overlooking the Arc de Triomphe. The Marquise was the former Miss Garner of New York. There were two sons about the Prince's age, who were half Americans.

For five months, excepting only for a brief visit to London to celebrate his eighteenth birthday, the Prince enjoyed Paris and the countryside. He was entertained by the French fleet, went down in a French submarine, visited the artillery and munition works at Le Creusot, and saw the firing of the new French .75.

Then, on an October day in 1912, the Prince, accompanied by his tutor Mr. Hansell and his equerry Major W. G. Cadogan of the Tenth Hussars, left the train at Oxford Station and drove down the narrow winding streets of the old university town to Magdalen College.

It was a shy, sensitive, slender lad, only recently turned eighteen, who was shown to his room in the Cloisters, oldest of the buildings of the Magdalen quadrangle. In place of the ordinary two-room suite the Prince had been given an additional living room. This was the single material concession made to his position. When his grandfather, Edward, had attended Oxford, he had been fitted out with a house removed from the college grounds and a retinue of servants. He wore a special gown and at all lectures had a special seat of honor.

Not so the present Prince of Wales. He was tossed headfirst into the life of the college and university. The last thing he wanted was any special favor or any fuss made over him. It was not his fault that he was Prince of Wales. Above everything else he wanted to be accepted as a regular fellow.

Here for the first time he was thrown into intimate

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and daily touch with Americans of his own age. Magdalen, like other colleges of Oxford, had Rhodes Scholars from the United States and Canada.

It was thought best to arrange a special course for him. He was to major in history and political science, with large chunks of economics, English literature, and French and German. The president of Magdalen, Sir Herbert Warren—a giant seven feet tall—gave him a special course on "the makers of England," and every day the Prince worked at his written reports in Sir Herbert's own library.

He was only a fair scholar but he developed an unusually retentive memory. It was to stand him in good stead.

Fruitful were these two Oxford years. He learned how to rub elbows with the man on the street. He played football with the second eleven and learned teamwork and companionship. Thanks to the wise Sir Herbert he caught glimpses of great truths and abiding facts. Another man, too, left an indelible impression on his sensitive mind—Major Cadogan.

FROM this gallant soldier he learned the finest tenets of true sportsmanship. He learned polo and cross-country riding. With him he played golf and tennis. More than by any other individual excepting his tutor, the Prince was to have his character molded and inspired by this gentle man.

Within a month after war was declared Major Cadogan was to die in the great retreat from Mons.

During the spring and summer of 1913 the Prince as the Earl of Chester made two visits to Germany. During the first, at the invitation of his second cousin, the Kaiser, he went to Friedrichshafen, where he was shown over the airship factory by Count Zeppelin and offered a flight in Z4, the newest war Zeppelin—later to bring panic and death to frightened London. The weather conditions were unfavorable; the flight was postponed.

In July of the same year he again visited Germany, staying with the Kaiser, and later visiting Dresden, Leipzig, and Prague. The next time he entered Germany was in November, 1918, when he crossed the border with the victorious Canadian Corps.

Back in Oxford, the even tenor of his college life flowed on. Now and again he went to dances and little parties, but he cared little about either of them.

Girls had a small place in his life at this time. However, he did enjoy being with a group of boys and girls around a piano and singing old songs.

But he was far more interested in his weekly drills in the Oxford University Officers' Training Course. The first year he had sweated as a private; now he proudly wore the stripes of a corporal. For several weeks each summer he went to training camp and reveled in the fact that he was just one of the gang, abused by crusty old sergeant majors and training officers.

He had scarcely returned from a visit to Denmark during the second summer when, on June 28, a fanatical Serb patriot fired the shot that was to plunge the world into war. The drums rolled and thundered over Europe, and fate was forced to weave new patterns for the life of the twenty-year-old Prince.

The truth about Wales as Soldier Prince—the facts of his war record, from 1914, when he defied Kitchener himself in a passionate effort to get into the trenches with his battalion, on through four years of fearless, devoted, and democratic service, much of it at the front and under fire—will be revealed by Mr. Hunt in next week's installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What four states border on the same Canadian province?

2—Who wrote "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world"?

3—Sang-froid means what?

4—What does the term "dying intestate" mean?

5—Who are the Maoris?

6—What is the dénouement of a play or novel?

7—A teapoy is what?

8—In baseball, what is a "Texas Leaguer"?

9—What is the difference between an emigrant and an immigrant?

10—To what former United States President is a statue erected in Canada, and where?

11—What is the meaning and origin of red-letter day?

12—Where did the Kennebec River, Maine, get its name?

13—When was flogging abolished in the United States army and navy?

14—What is a "Rocky Mountain canary"?

15—How many residents of foreign birth in the United States are unnaturalized?

16—Ambient means what?

17—Who said "Sweet are the uses of adversity"?

18—How many pounds of blood has the average healthy adult?

19—What does sahib mean?

20—What do the letters I.D.B. signify?

(Answers will be found on page 63)

A Jury of Peers

A Short Short Story

by LEE PASQUIN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

THE assistant warden peered through the bars. " Hey, Spotsy, your visitor's here."

Spotsy followed the guard down the cement-floored passageway and into the warden's office where Lanky Bob Lincum, shrewdest " mouthpiece " of all New York's legal profession, sat at cross-legged ease chatting with the warden.

" What is it? " Lanky Bob queried curtly when they were seated in an adjacent room. " That restaurant holdup? "

" Yeh. They—" Spotsy began.

" Three thousand in the haul, wasn't there? " asked Bob.

" Yeh; but—"

" Fifteen hundred. Take it or leave it."

" Well," hesitated Spotsy, " I can't stand a lose on this one—it's me fourth, an'—"

" What have they got on you? " cut in the lawyer. " Spill it."

Spotsy spilled it at length and in detail. When he came to the point where a woman identified him in the line-up, Lanky Bob became interested.

" How did she recognize you? " he wanted to know.

" They asked her that," Spotsy told him. " And she says, ' By that mole on his face. I remember it distinctly.' She looks," Spotsy concluded lugubriously, " like one of those women that knows it all.

" And," he added bitterly, " I hears from a flatty who thought it was a big joke that while I was standin' in the door of this restaurant—or I mean while the lookout was standin' there—and the other guy was stickin' up the cashier, this dame was settin' at a front table, facin' back, and piping off the doorway even though she's on the other side of the partition. Can you beat that? "

The trial of Spotsy Fay moved with celerity. Jurors had been chosen in short order, the prosecution failing to exercise one of its peremptory challenges and Bob Lincum exercising only three—one for a man who stated that he was an inspector in a textile mill; another for a very bored and apparently wealthy citizen who admitted to no occupation and stated that he had just returned from an extended big-game hunt; the third for a young alert man who said he was a surveyor.

The prosecution's few witnesses had been called, had given their testimony, and were excused without question by Lanky Bob. All but Miss Barger, the prosecution's main reliance.

Bob, in an almost casual way, questioned her as to her exact position in the restaurant at the time of the holdup; how she saw the lookout, revolver in hand, in the mirror; and had her go into some detail about her visit to the line-up and her identification there of Spotsy and the telltale mole on his right cheek.

Bob then called to the stand one Charles Needham, architect.

" Mr. Needham, at my request you visited the restaurant in question the other day. Tell the jury what you did."

" I first located the table," replied the witness, " at which the witness, Miss Barger, had sat. It is at the left of the entrance door, on the other side of the entrance partition. From that table it is possible to see, by looking in the mirror at the rear, the door of the restaurant. In case they might be needed," continued Mr. Needham, " I made some measurements. The restaurant is thirty-six feet wide. The entrance door is at the south side. On the opposite side of the partition at the front is only one table—the north corner being occupied by a coat rack. The cashier's desk is at the right of the entrance hall, eight feet from the door.

" It cannot be seen from the table occupied by the identifying witness. The restaurant is seventy-four feet deep."

The prosecutor, groping in his mind as to *why* this witness had been called, asked a perfunctory question or two in hopes of finding out. Failing in this, he dismissed the witness. The prosecution's summing up was brief and workmanlike.

Lanky Bob walked leisurely to the jury box. He sketched the holdup briefly, passed lightly over Spotsy's arrest because " he happened to be near by," and then beckoned.

An assistant arose and handed Bob a white card. On it Lincum marked a small black dot.

HE returned the card to the clerk, who walked away.

" Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," resumed Bob, " you just saw me make a perfectly black dot on a perfectly white card. The dot, as you could easily see, was *twice* the size of the mole on the defendant's right cheek.

" You all know," and here Lanky Bob's tone and expression admitted the jurors into that choice group of people who *always* know, " that when you see something reflected in a mirror the person or thing reflected is *really* a distance away from you equal to the distance from the mirror *plus* the distance from the mirror to the person or thing reflected. You heard undisputed testimony that the mirror was seventy-four feet away from both the door and the witness's table. Therefore," and Lanky Bob's fist emphasized each word, " that witness believes that she saw a small brown mole on a man's face nearly one hundred and forty-eight feet away.

" Members of the jury, if you can see that black dot on the white cardboard, find my client guilty! " And Lincum pointed dramatically to where the young clerk stood about one hundred feet away in the entrance corridor, holding aloft the small white card. . . . .

" But, gee, Bob," said Spotsy, who spoke as he sat at ease in Lincum's office the following day, " even though you picked those jurors who wore glasses, and threw out the three that you knew had good eyesight, *some* of 'em *might* have been able to see that dot! "

" Yes, they might have," admitted Bob with a whimsical grin. " But remember, Spotsy, there are two sides to everything, and—there were *two* sides to that card! "

THE END

Liberty's All-America Coaching Staff

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EVERY year the football experts of the country pick out the best individual players to form an All-America eleven. Frequently they select a second team. Also there are All-Eastern teams, All-Western, All-Southern, All-New England, All-Mid-Western.

It is a great honor to be chosen for these all-star teams, an honor not only to the players but to the universities or colleges they represent and to the head coaches who trained them.

But a head coach, in a way, is like the President of the United States. He has a cabinet, a staff of assistants who specialize in teaching men to play certain positions or instructing them in particular fundamentals of the game. Some of these "cabinet coaches" are never mentioned in the stories of gridiron victories or All-America selections. They are known only to the players and to other coaches.

Therefore, not only to give credit where credit is due but also to determine the best coaching talent in the country, Liberty took a poll among the head and assistant coaches in one hundred and thirty American colleges and universities, and herewith presents, for the first time in football history, an All-America Coaching Staff—the selections derived mathematically from ratings by the coaching profession itself.

The "line-up" is as follows:

HEAD COACH	
Howard H. Jones	**Southern California**
LINE COACH	
Tad Wieman	**Princeton**
BACKFIELD COACH	
Bernie Bierman	**Minnesota**
END COACH	
Herbert O. Crisler	**Princeton**
KICKING COACH	
Harry Kipke	**Michigan**
PASSING COACH	
Ray Morrison	**Southern Methodist**
SCOUT	
Aubrey Devine	**Southern California**
SCRUB COACH	
Wallace Wade	**Duke**

To select this staff—the master of all master strategists, the head coach, the best line and end and backfield teachers, the best instructors in kicking and passing, the best scout, and the best scrub-team mentors—Liberty sent a printed form to each of five hundred and twenty leading coaches in the country and asked him to fill it in, to select his ideal staff.

Top: Howard H. Jones, University of Southern California—head coach. At left: Tad Wieman, Princeton—line coach. At right: "Fritz" Crisler, Princeton—end coach. Below: Bernie Bierman, Minnesota—backfield coach.

A Tribute to the Brains of the Game — Listing for the First Time the Best of the Profession as Named by the Mentors Themselves

by

NORMAN L. SPER

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Two hundred and ninety-seven head and assistant coaches, representing 118 institutions of higher education, returned these forms to Liberty. They did not merely cast a vote. They also rated each candidate, by percentages, on the fundamentals necessary to qualify a coach —knowledge of the game, ability to lead men, ability to teach, and personality. Each candidate was rated separately on each of these qualifications.

The rules prohibited the voter from naming any member of the coaching staff with which he was affiliated; and unsigned ballots were disregarded.

The votes represented every section of the United States. Twenty per cent of them came from the East, 21 per cent from the South, 17 per cent from the Pacific coast, 6 per cent from the Rockies, 20 per cent from the Mid-West, 9 per cent from the Missouri Valley, and 7 per cent from Texas. The wide territorial distribution of the voting shows that the entire country is represented.

Voters East, West, North, and South chose Howard H. Jones as head coach on this All-America staff. Out of 288 votes cast for head coach, he received 66. Harry Kipke of Michigan, his nearest rival, received 27. Lou Little of Columbia was third with 16.

The results of Liberty's poll were as follows:

Head Coach. Howard H. Jones, head coach of the University of Southern California, was mentioned 189 times in the 297 ballots cast. He was first not only in the fight for head coach but also in the balloting for line coach. He was second in the backfield division, and third in the end-coach contest. Jones is a Yale graduate. In 1908 he went to Syracuse on the recommendation of Walter Camp. In 1909 Camp brought him to Yale. Jones's Yale eleven of 1909 never let an opposing player cross the Blue twenty-eight-yard line. In 1910 Jones went to Ohio State. He returned to Yale for a few years, then for eight years guided the gridiron destinies of the University of Iowa. He spent a year with Duke University before he went to the coast to mold the Trojans into a formidable team. He has made Southern California one of the most outstanding football aggregations in the country.

Harry Kipke, Jones's nearest

Acme and U. & U. photos

Top, at left: Ray Morrison, Southern Methodist University—passing coach. At right: Harry Kipke, Michigan—kicking coach. Below, at left: Aubrey Devine, Southern California—scout. At right: Wallace Wade, Duke—scrub.

rival for the top place, had 220 votes cast in his favor, though only 27 for head coach. He topped Jones in fundamental percentages, 97.31 to 96.12; but the combination of votes and percentages gave Jones the lead. Kipke, in his last playing year at Ann Arbor, was named All-America halfback. He was one of the stars turned out by Fielding "Hurry Up" Yost. Incidentally, more than half the total votes cast for kicking coach went to Kipke.

Lou Little of Columbia was given a percentage of 97.18 on coaching fundamentals. Seventy-nine coaches voted for him, but only 16 for head coach. His reputation was tremendously strengthened last season when he brought his little band of Lions to Pasadena to whip the Stanford team in the Rose Bowl and upset the dope of the experts who gave him no chance to win.

BERNIE BIERMAN of Minnesota and Glenn S. "Pop" Warner of Temple received 15 votes each. In tabulating the fundamental percentages, Bierman nosed out Warner for fourth place with 96.81 to 96.36. Bierman received 63 votes for all positions; Warner 54.

Pop Warner, therefore, was fifth.

Bob Zuppke, Illinois coach, was sixth, with 13 head-coach votes, a total of 60 votes for all positions, and a percentage of 96.36.

Noble Kizer of Purdue, with 11 votes, was seventh.

Wallace Wade of Duke, with 10 votes, was eighth.

Herbert O. Crisler of Princeton, 9 votes, was ninth.

"Jock" Sutherland of Pittsburgh, 6 votes, was tenth.

LINE COACH. Tad Wieman, Crisler's line coach, was elected line coach on the All-America Coaching Staff by 28 votes. He was second in the balloting; but because Howard Jones, who received 53 votes for line coach, was elected head coach, the line job went to Wieman. He graduated from Michigan in 1921 as Elton E. Weiman, coached the Michigan line from 1921 to 1926, took charge of the Wolverine squad in 1927 and 1928. In 1930 Crisler took him to Minnesota as line coach. When Crisler went to Princeton, Tad went with him.

NORMAN L. SPER *devised Liberty's All-Players All-America selection system. Was youngest American World War correspondent; after that he spent a year in the A. E. F., and then five months in a hospital, wounded. In Hollywood he organized the newspaper syndicate that is named after him.*

"Hunk" Anderson, Notre Dame's ex-coach, now at North Carolina State, was third with 27 votes.

Lou Little of Columbia, with 19 votes, was fourth.

Jock Sutherland, with 14 votes, was fifth.

Captain "Biff" Jones of Louisiana State took sixth place with 13 votes.

Ted Cox of Tulane and "Doc" Spears of Wisconsin fought it out for seventh place, Cox winning because his fundamental percentage was slightly better than Dr. Spears's. Each received 12 line-coach votes.

Fred Swan, Pop Warner's line coach at Temple, won ninth place with 10 votes.

Noble Kizer of Purdue was right behind him.

BACKFIELD COACH. Bernie Bierman, Minnesota's football ruler, carried off first honors as the nation's foremost backfield coach, beating even Howard Jones for the place, 27 votes to 25.

Bierman, Minnesota graduate, returned to his Alma Mater in 1932 after spending a number of years at Tulane, first as assistant to Clark D. Shaughnessy, then as head coach. He gave Tulane one of its best teams; and from preseason indications it appears he has a national and Big Ten champion in his present squad. It was under his guidance that "Pug" Lund, Minnesota halfback, won recognition as the most valuable man in football during the 1933 season. Lund is on Bierman's squad again this year.

Bob Zuppke of Illinois is given third place as backfield coach, Jones having taken second. He received 13 votes as head coach and 21 as backfield leader. As head coach his percentage was 96.36. In the votes for backfield coach it dropped to 95.22.

Pop Warner, who beat Zuppke out of fifth place in the head-coach division, must be content with a place behind him for the backfield job. Pop wins fourth place with 19 votes.

Andrew Kerr, who brought his 1932 Colgate eleven to the point of football perfection—they ended the season undefeated, untied, unscored upon—lost to Warner by one vote.

Major Neyland of Tennessee, a graduate of West Point; Elmer Layden, Notre Dame's new coach; and Lou Little bunched up for sixth, seventh, and eighth places, with 16, 15, and 14 votes respectively.

ERNIE NEVERS of Stanford University, whom Pop Warner calls "the greatest football player I ever coached," rests in ninth place. He and "Tiny" Thornhill brought the Red team to a Pacific Coast championship in their first year.

Nevers was called the best backfield coach in football by ten of the coaching judges.

Noble Kizer, tenth best line coach, was voted tenth best backfield coach.

END COACH. Herbert O. Crisler, known to football fans as "Fritz," emerged victorious as end coach in one of the toughest battles in Liberty's poll. He received 29 votes. Crisler learned football from "the grand old man," A. A. Stagg, and was graduated from Chicago in 1922. He spent eight years as Stagg's assistant there, went to Minnesota as head coach for 1930 and 1931, and was then called to Princeton. He is a former All-America end.

A. H. "Mal" Elward, former Notre Dame star, end coach for Noble Kizer and the Boilermakers, came in second with 28 votes. Elward is the man who developed Purdue's All-America wingman of the last two years, Paul Moss.

Howard Jones was third with 25 votes.

Bennie Osterbaan, Michigan's great end of former days, was fourth with 21.

Jock Sutherland of Pittsburgh was right behind Osterbaan with 19 votes.

LOBSTER... "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER. "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"

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Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try 'em?

A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

Major Neyland of Tennessee followed with 17 votes.

Gil Dobie of Cornell, only one vote behind Neyland, was seventh.

Harry Mehre of Georgia, a former Notre Dame player, was eighth.

Lloyd Jordan of Amherst was ninth.

Wesley Fessler, former Ohio State star, now Ed Casey's end coach at Harvard, was tenth.

KICKING COACH. Harry Kipke of Michigan, who won second place as head coach, won the kicking-coach championship without a struggle. Out of 277 votes cast, he polled 153.

Leroy Mills, a New York City attorney who lives in Mount Vernon and has no coaching affiliations, was honored with 41 votes as kicking coach and is entitled to second place.

Frank Carideo, the late Knute Rockne's famous Notre Dame quarterback, who rules the roost at Missouri, won third position with 17 votes.

Vic Kennard, who formerly coached at Harvard, took fourth honors with 14 votes.

Elmer Layden of Notre Dame was fifth with 11 votes.

Lou Little, Columbia, was sixth with 9 votes.

W. T. Van de Graaff of Colorado College, with 8 votes, was seventh.

Ivan Grove of Hendrix was eighth.

Joe McKenney of Boston College was ninth.

Clark D. Shaughnessy of Chicago was tenth.

PASSING COACH. Ray Morrison, a Vanderbilt graduate now coaching at Southern Methodist University, won first place as passing coach.

It was the passing done by Southern Methodist in 1930 that almost beat Knute Rockne's national championship squad. The 20-to-14 score was too close for comfort. Army and Southern Methodist were the only teams that gave Notre Dame any serious threat that year. The Irish had beaten Southern California 27 to 0 that season. To be beaten by such a score as 20 to 14 was, therefore, not a disgrace but a surprising victory for Morrison's boys. The judges must have remembered that when they elected Morrison. He was given 61 votes for passing coach.

Charles E. Dorais of Detroit and Benny Friedman of City College, New York, made a surprising race for second place.

The balloting was close throughout. First Friedman would be in the lead, then Dorais. At no time was there more than two votes difference. The fundamental percentages gave Dorais the edge, and on the last day another ballot put him one vote ahead. The score was 39 to 38.

Benny Friedman was third.

Dana X. Bible of Nebraska took fourth place with 20 votes.

Bob Zuppke of Illinois, fifth, with 18 votes.

" Bo " McMillan, Indiana's new coach, sixth. Fourteen votes.

Clark Shaughnessy of Chicago, seventh.

Bernie Bierman, Minnesota, eighth.

Dick Hanley, Northwestern, ninth.

Howard Harpster, Carnegie Tech, tenth.

SCOUT. Although fewer votes were registered for scout and scrub coach, these two positions are important to a major team. For scout only 177 ballots were cast.

AUBREY DEVINE, member of Howard Jones's " cabinet " at the University of Southern California, was given 22 votes, which was enough to put him in first place. Devine, a Los Angeles lawyer between football seasons, has been with Jones since he graduated from Iowa in 1921. He made the All-America in his last year. Jones sends him East four or five weeks before the Notre Dame game. It is his duty to watch Notre Dame play every week and report what new plays they may have developed.

A good scout watches for the idiosyncrasies of individual players, which often reveal where the play is going. An unintentional and slight movement to the right by a linesman may indicate the play will go toward that direction. A backfield man may unconsciously wet his fingers, revealing that a forward pass will be attempted.

When the scout brings back his notebook on the Monday before the next game, the head coach and his assistants formulate the plans for the coming battle. At practice that afternoon the scout and the scrub coach instruct the scrubs in the new plays the scout has reported, to give the varsity a chance to develop offensive or defensive measures against them.

Lou Little, Columbia, who enjoys quite a reputation as a scout, won second place with 18 votes.

" Buck " Bailey, departmental coach under " Babe " Hollingbery at Washington State, was third with 15 votes.

Pop Warner was fourth with 14 votes.

John Kellison, William and Mary, was fifth with 13 votes.

A. J. Sturzenegger, assistant at the University of Southern California, was sixth with 12 votes.

H. G. Crisp of Alabama was seventh with 10 votes.

Leo Harris of Pennsylvania State was eighth with 9 votes.

Guy S. Louman of Wisconsin was ninth with 8 votes.

Jackson Cannell of Dartmouth, with 6 votes, was tenth.

SCRUB COACH. Only 156 of the 297 voting coaches registered a choice for scrub coach.

WALLACE WADE of Duke and Doc Spears of Wisconsin each received 26 votes for this position and were tied for first place; but tabulation of percentages for coaching fundamentals gave the honor to Wade, 94.10.

Spears took second place with 93.67.

Jimmy Knox of Harvard, 15 votes, was third.

Babe Hollingbery of Washington State, 12 votes, was fourth.

Murray Cuddeback, Stanford, 10 votes, fifth.

Weems Baskin of Georgia, sixth.

Homer Norton of Texas A. & M., seventh.

Leo Colland of Idaho, eighth.

Neilson Poe of Princeton, ninth.

Bernard F. Oakes of Montana, tenth.

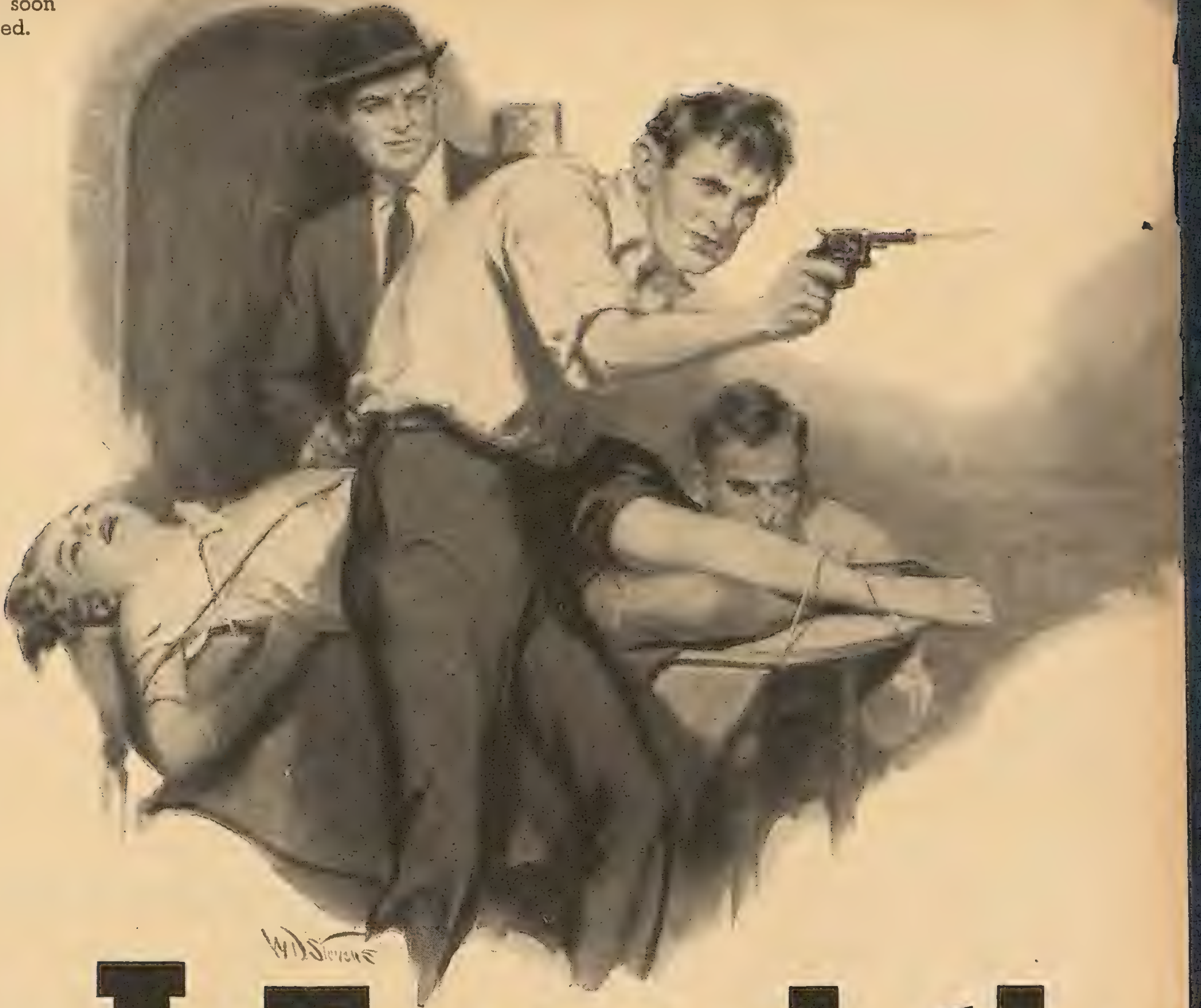
THE END

That's Good News BECAUSE
A CAR IS NO SAFER THAN
THE GLASS IN ITS WINDOWS

MANY AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS ANNOUNCE
SAFETY GLASS
all-around
AT NEW LOW PRICES

INSIST ON
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS
all-around

There were three men in the room. One of them shot almost as soon as I entered.



I Found the

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

THE first thing Robert Quinlant Brown, former college athlete, has to do after landing a job as contact man for Hungerford, Watkins, Brierly and Bents, marine salvage engineers in New York City, is to check up on the whereabouts of Brierly, and he finds the missing partner shot to death in his bachelor apartment.

The body lay on a bed which had been rumpled only around the edges. Furniture was upset and smashed. Fireplace implements were scattered on the floor. They were soot-covered, but Brierly's hands were clean. Two glasses and some bottles were on a front-room table. The gun had disappeared and all fingerprints had been removed.

Brown takes Claire Winton, pretty reception-room clerk in the office, to dinner that evening. They return later for her forgotten purse, and in Hungerford's private office they find his secretary, Mary Boley, hanging dead from a chandelier. Brown telephones Hungerford and overhears his wife, a former artist's model, bawl him out over an extension, but Hungerford hurries to the office. The only possible clue to Mary's death is that she was wildly in love with an Argentine dancer.

Brown finally takes Claire to the subway. They are trailed by a strange man and when her train pulls out Brown sees her in conversation with the shadow. Returning to the office building, he follows Hungerford to a Greenwich Village apartment, and through a window sees him smiling over an aged chest filled with what appear to be gold coins and jewelry. Then a man from the district attorney's office tells Brown he is under suspicion because Brierly came from his home town, and later at Coney Island Claire warns the contact man that he is about to be arrested. Brown continues telling the story.

PART THREE—CLAIRE DISAPPEARS—AND IS FOUND

ARREST me?"

"I think so."

"What for?" I said.

"For the murder of Brierly and of Mary."

"Oh," I said—"that." Then I took her by the shoulders and turned her so she faced me and said, "Well?"

Claire started to cry: "I'm not certain. I just guessed from the questions the police have asked me and from a couple of phone calls that have come in to Hungerford. They haven't much on you, of course."

Bodies

Death Stalks Again, and a Sinister Shadow Darkens the Path of Love—A Chapter of New Excitements in a Tingling Mystery Thriller

by

PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
W. D. STEVENS

"I really can't see how they can have anything at all."

"Well—Brierly and your father were in the same regiment in the war."

"Golly!" I said. "That's news to me. But now that I think of it, they enlisted in the same town."

"Zanesville," said Claire. "They lived there together before you were born. Now, how was your father killed?"

"Shot—behind the lines—by an escaping prisoner."

"Are you sure?"

I was startled. "No," I answered. "I wasn't there. That's the official version."

"Mightn't it have been a lie to cover up the fact that Brierly shot your father?

"Isn't the coincidence of their being in the same regiment enough to consider without imagining that they had a feud and that Brierly, and not a German prisoner, shot your father, and that you found it out and killed Brierly and then got into the firm by some trick? The police think that, and they think that Mary Boley found out what you'd done—probably through Brierly's papers, or by guessing from something she knew about Brierly—and that you killed Mary."

I thought a while. "And they're going to take me up to the big chair for that?" I said.

"Well—they'll arrest you—maybe—in a few days."

"Dandy!"

The Ferris wheel was slowing down to let us out. "Did you do it?" Claire asked.

"No!" I said emphatically.

She sighed. "Sometimes I've been scared that maybe you did."

I mooched home to my apartment after returning Claire to the New Wharton. I had a two-room-bath-and-kitchenette on Forty-fifth Street. I brought home the Sunday papers and looked at them. I saw a picture of the palatial house at Newport which Hungerford had bought for his wife in the preceding summer.

Hungerford was good to her. He was a good egg. Kind and generous. I had enjoyed six months with him. I'd learned a lot about marine law and about shipping.

My end of his business had been to act as his proxy and buffer. I'd done everything—helped settle claims and talked to new customers and watched the lists of accidents and assisted Bents in getting business. I liked Bents also.

CAPTAIN WATKINS was a sort of customers' man. He knew the shipping people and they trusted him. He had social contacts. He went to Miami every winter, and to White Sulphur Springs, and also to Newport.

He was in Newport on this particular night, with Hungerford.

I wanted to do something about things. I didn't want to be arrested. I considered going up to Newport to talk with Hungerford. I thought of calling up Mr. Davis, the assistant district attorney who had interviewed me long ago. The charge against me was undoubtedly one of his brain storms. It all came out of the fact that I had by chance been born in Zanesville. Instead, I decided to do a little research on my own.

I toured over to the City Power Building. I went up to the offices. I let myself in. There was nothing unusual about that, because I often worked nights. I spent most of the night going through all the desks, picking open locks, reading all the letters in the files, studying the company's books, and generally poking into whatever the partners Hungerford, Watkins, and Bents had cached in their place of business.

About all I found out was that the firm's margin of profit had been smaller than I imagined in the last two or three years, and that Hungerford, Watkins, and Bents all had guns in their desks. The guns didn't look as if they had been used at all. On Sunday night I went down to Hungerford's place in the Village and got in via the fire escape. I thoroughly investigated the place.

The closet where the chest had been was open and there were clothes in it. The chest was gone. I couldn't find any sign of a secret panel in the closet. I did find, however, in a desk drawer, six gold coins that I recognized as of old Spanish vintage—doubloons, no doubt. While I was searching further in the desk, the door to the hall was unlocked and Hungerford came in. He was more startled than I was.

He was also fairly angry. He shut the door and took off his coat and mixed a drink and finally said, "I wish you'd quit this business."

I said that I was sorry.

"I told you," Hungerford continued, drinking a little, "that I'd let you know all about that chest when I was good and ready."

"I know you did. However, I've found out that the police are thinking of arresting me—and I got into more or less of a panic. In fact, I was desperately trying to get hold of something that would help me if they did."

"Claire Winton, eh?" Hungerford said.

I was chagrined, then, for having spoken. I'd put Claire on the spot without meaning to.

"She's a nice girl," said Hungerford—"a swell girl. Did you kill Brierly, Brown?"

"No," I said. I thought that I would have to yell that "No" if some one asked me again. I was jittering. I hadn't slept enough.

"Do you think I did?" he asked next. It seemed to me that he was too calm.

I said that I had never thought of him in the matter.

"I could also," he continued, "have hung Mary and walked out."

"But you wouldn't have," I answered, feeling as if I were talking in a nightmare, "because there was too much chance that Claire or I would have come in to say good night to her."

Hungerford shook his head sadly. "I wish you hadn't broken in here," he said. "Golly, I do! I had confidence in you. I still have. But I want reliable men. And you can't depend on a bird who keeps burglarizing the only place in the world where you've been able to have privacy and peace—can you?"

I felt sick. "No," I said.

"The police want somebody," he continued. "They found out about your father and Brierly and the Zanesville enlistment and they have your own admission that there was time enough for you to have killed Mary. I've persuaded them to hold off on you. The idea seemed to me like one somebody with a lot of spare time cooked up in headquarters on a dull afternoon.

"Look—" He went into a long reverie after that. He did not continue what he had started to say. Claire had done that once to me—embarked on a confidence and then snuffed it off. "Business," he said slowly. "It's hard. I don't suppose women ever know the amount of sweat and worry and thinking and the number of nervy things their husbands do in business. They have hard jobs, too —women, I mean—but when you see a smart office with conditioned air and indirect lights and a couple of men in soft chairs talking, you find it difficult to believe that business isn't a cinch and a pleasure. But most men depend on their own wits for their incomes. That's a tough responsibility." I thought he was talking toward something, but he stopped at that point.

WE sat in his quiet little hideaway looking at each other. Finally I said, "Did you ever notice that Captain Watkins's absences from the office always correspond to racing dates?"

Hungerford frowned. "Watkins recently borrowed some money from the firm. I called it 'borrowing,' Brown. He said he needed it for a sick relative. I suppose it was a relative named Dark Beauty or Mad Flash—" He smiled. "I hardly blame him. All of us became used to wealth in the last decade. All of us feel the pinch now."

I nodded, ashamed of myself and sorry for Hungerford.

"He's an odd duck anyway. I've realized that his casual manner of working has been a sore point among my employees for years—since it's coupled with his insistence on punctuality for others. And I've known a lot of things. Westlock, for example, is half batty about that dark-haired girl—Vera, isn't it? You get to know things like that. But who the people really are—you never know." He sat in his chair and mixed another drink for himself. "Would you like to know how I became a salvage engineer?"

I said that I would.

He talked to me for about an hour then about his early life. His father had been a building contractor in Pittsburgh. Hungerford had been started in school toward a career as a painter. That was switched to architecture when he showed no interest in art. But architecture was still too impractical. He had gone, finally, to M. I. T. and studied engineering.

After he had graduated he had been sent on a trip around the world by his father. And in Aden he had run across a derelict sailor who had a map of a treasure supposed to have been buried by a piratical captain named Jonah Seal on a river bank in South Africa. Hungerford was young, filled with a lust for adventure, and buried treasure was his meat. He had funds and time.

He took the map—it was drawn on goatskin, with a skull and all the other trimmings—and he located the river and found the treasure.

"I FOUND Jonah Seal's chest," he said, "and I was the most excited man on earth. I opened the box—it was made of silver—and it was full of what I thought were diamonds and pearls and rubies. Dirty and tarnished, of course. Coins too—a couple of pecks. Well, I got it back to Europe. The coins were all counterfeit. The jewelry was fake—glass and worthless stuff. I guessed what had happened. In a little town in England I found ancient but indisputable evidence of Captain Seal's rich old age. He'd had a stupid crew who couldn't tell brass from gold or cathedral-window glass from emeralds, and he'd had two chests—buried a phony one and kept the real one. A scheme that would do credit to a modern con man. He'd stolen the swag. His crew had probably gone the way of all seamen in those days—and that was that. I preserved the chest and its fake contents—because that gave me my start."

He sipped again. "I was disappointed—but I was fascinated by the things in the sea and under the sea and on its edges. So I went into the salvage business. My dreams were of rotting hulls hung with weed and haunted by fish deep under water—hulls where gold glinted." He laughed. "I've gotten some of it too. I moved the chest to a safe place after you saw it. I suppose it's worth a lot as an antique—and some of the stuff in it isn't valueless—but there's no great fortune in the whole business. Are you surprised to find, behind a sober business man who's sat for more than two decades at a desk, an element of—the fantastic?"

I shook my head. My impression that Hungerford was a good guy was deepened a lot by his story and his mood. It shot through my mind that he might still be trying to trap me or frame me—but I could not believe it. I said, "I'm only sorry that I've acted like such a fool. I will never forgive myself for breaking in here. And I might complete my confession by saying that I also looked through the desks and files in the office last night."

"You're thorough."

"I'm being suspected of murder," I answered. "Two, in fact. I'm scared! I did what I could."

He nodded. "We've all been mildly suspected by the police. The coincidence of your father and Brierly having lived in the same town started them on you."

"Yes."

My expression must have changed, because at that moment it occurred to me that the story about the chest might have been a lie and that the jewels might have been real after all. Hungerford certainly had invention enough to think up the story. And he was a good actor. I'd seen that. He could have faked the mellow mood.

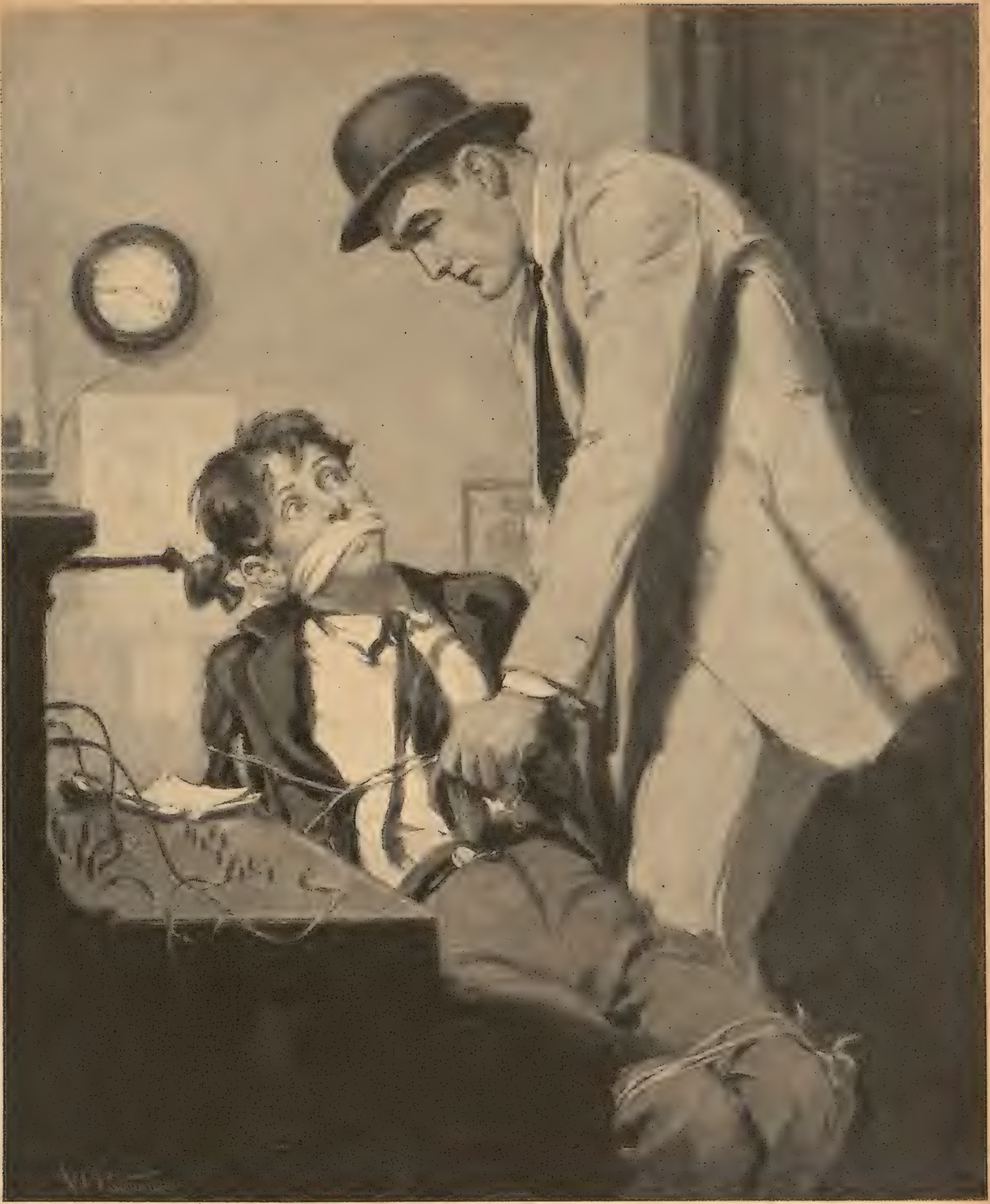
"Now what?" he asked.

I said, "I think I'd better go."

I had half expected him to detain me; but he didn't. We shook hands when I went out.

I was not arrested in the next two days. On Monday afternoon I asked Claire to dinner, but she refused. I tagged her, just casually, and she went to the same building on Broadway to which I had followed her once before. I tagged Claire again on Tuesday—and again she went, after five o'clock, to her Broadway building. I couldn't find out where she stayed in the building, because I didn't dare to get close enough to her.

I had a feeling on the third day that something was



I used all their wires to make the mug safe for the evening in his chair.

going to happen. I don't know why. It was hot again and I was nervous. I began to think about all the men in the office with guns in their desks. I also noticed that Bents and Watkins were irritable and apprehensive—or at least so it seemed.

I decided that I would like to be armed. During most of those days I had been wearing a Palm Beach suit, and taking off the coat when I could. It wouldn't do to carry a gun under that flimsy stuff. So I bought a small revolver at a hockshop, and some shells and a derby. I jammed the gun in the hat and put on the hat and wore it wherever I went. When it was absolutely necessary I kept the hat right side up in my lap with my fingers on the gun. But I seldom took off the hat, and I told the people who ribbed me that in hot weather I usually wore a lid to keep the sweat out of my eyes.

I did that on Wednesday. On Thursday morning, after a restless night, I invited Westlock to have lunch with me. He was a small pinched gray gent of about forty-five or fifty, and he said, " No, thank you, Mr. Brown."

Vera had heard the conversation and she said, " Eat with the guy, pal. It'll do you good."

He went out with me. I bought him soup and chicken and shortcake, and I went to work on him.

" Anything the matter with the company's books? " I asked.

He said in an emphatic manner that there was not.

" That isn't why the big shots are all edgy, then? It's not the annual inspection that's upsetting them? "

He said that the idea was absurd and that he would have to report such libels to Mr. Hungerford.

" Tell me," I said, " how did Hungerford pay for the Newport house he bought his wife last year? With what dough? The firm didn't make enough—"

" Mr. Hungerford," said Westlock in a manner that was nasty, " has other accounts than those on my books. Stocks, bonds, brokers' accounts."

" The house," I said, " must have cost a quarter of a million."

" No doubt."

" Well," I continued, " you make out his income tax. I saw your own duplicate of it. And there was no transaction of that size on the tax statement at all. No such money coming in or going out all year long."

Westlock shivered inside his mohair coat. " I've wondered about that myself," he whispered—" and worried. I knew about his tax, and I read about the house; but I thought he had maybe sold nontaxable government bonds —or something."

" That's baloney," I said.

I got no more from him. He shut up and he trembled. But he had nothing to say. We went back together.

As we were crossing the street diagonally, and half a block above the City Power Building, I heard a woman scream. I looked at her and she was gazing up. I looked up. I saw something flying down the side of the building. I knew it was a person. It passed the layers of windows quickly, but it seemed to take a long time to hit the first setback. I ran.

I lost Westlock. I beat any other observers into the building. I caught a local elevator to the fourth floor, where the body had landed. I looked out of a window at the end of a corridor. I recognized Hungerford by his clothes. There was a rush from the elevators behind me.

I went on up to the office.

CLAIRE was not there. Bents was. Watkins was. And so was Hungerford's wife—although I didn't recognize her at once. Vera was in the office. But no one seemed to know that Hungerford had fallen—or been pushed.

He had a habit of standing in front of his big low-silled windows with the halves cranked wide open. And the carpet in his office was thick. Footsteps on it were inaudible. It wouldn't have taken much to throw him off balance over the sill. Not if he weren't expecting to be pushed.

I had merely opened various doors and looked in. I went back to the reception room and threw Mrs. Hungerford into hysterics by dialing police headquarters and reporting the news.

This time I had my alibi cold. Westlock had been with me on the street when Hungerford started to fall. I hadn't the faintest idea whether Hungerford had jumped or fainted forward or been pushed—suicide, accident, or murder. I was only glad that I hadn't been near him. I had a hell of a time trying to stop Mrs. Hungerford's hysterics.

" It was that Mary Boley! " she kept yelling. " She killed herself for him and he killed himself for her. Oh—oh—oh! " She screamed like a siren. She was fat. She was florid. Bents and Watkins and the people in the big office ran out. They couldn't pacify her. She must have made Hungerford's life one sweet song.

I was left with her for a moment in the reception room as the others absorbed a notion of what had happened and hurried to windows to look down.

Mrs. Hungerford was howling. I slapped her. She stopped. She looked at me with anger and hate. " He's left me with nothing," she said. " Virtually nothing! A lot of property that I cannot sell and not more than a hundred thousand dollars in insurance."

I took a flyer: " How about the treasure? "

" It's worthless! " she said. Then she realized that her hysteria had loosened her tongue. She became frightened. Her face turned white. " What do you know about that? Who are you? "

" Nothing," I replied. " I'm Bob Brown. I work here. I merely know that Hungerford had a treasure of some sort."

Her personal resentment flared again. " Suicide! The coward! He walked out on me, that's what he did. He quit! "

She rose and barged away.

I PONDERED what she had said; but the only sense it made was that Mrs. Hungerford was avaricious and that she didn't appear to care much for her late husband.

Westlock came popping in from one of the windows. His face was blanched. " I want to talk to you," he said.

We trotted into the general office. It had been deserted by every one.

" You know, you asked me about the books? " Westlock jittered.

" What about them? " I felt a rising tide of excitement. At last perhaps I was getting somewhere.

" There was—a sum missing."

" Yes? "

" But not enough for Hungerford's house. Just—twenty thousand dollars. Hungerford knew about it. He put it back. I'm afraid the examiners may locate the thing. And the police will be here—"

I seized his arm. " Who took it? " I said.

" Brierly."

I sagged. Brierly took twenty thousand dollars from the company and Hungerford put it back. That was meaningless. Hungerford had returned the sum, no doubt, to save the honor of his company—he had a passion for that honor. Of course, if Hungerford had murdered Brierly and then juggled the books— I abandoned that thought. Hungerford had been at home on the night of the murder.

" Why did Brierly take it? " I asked.

Westlock shook his head. " I don't know. Hungerford wondered about that. He said he could understand Bents or Watkins needing that much money suddenly—but not Brierly. It depressed him. What shall I do? "

I thought for a few seconds. " You better keep quiet. Let the examiners—or the accountants the police send, if they send any—dope out what happened. You don't want to be mixed up in it. I've looked at the books. Every one had access to them. All the partners could draw checks. Say nothing."

People began to return from the windows and the elevators. Uniformed cops showed up in the reception room.

I ran out.

Claire was still apparently at lunch.

Watkins was muttering about the reputation of the firm.

I felt irritable and bewildered. " Seems to me that reputation's shot full of holes," I said.

Watkins glowered. " That's no kind of a remark—"

" Listen," I said. " I liked Hungerford. I feel rotten about this. Too rotten to worry about business."

Again we were assembled in Hungerford's office.

And again we went through the ordeal of the police and their questions. Again the papers blazed extras on the street—they were out before the questioning had finished. Inspector O'Hara took charge. Nobody was held as a material witness, but he said, " I am going to give every one in this firm—every one left in this firm—a thorough overhauling. There's something at the bottom of this business."

Bents, for all his dismay, snorted and said, " You really begin to think so, eh? "

Watkins was silent.

Mrs. Hungerford had blamed Mary, and she'd messed up the composure of the police who tried to talk to her by giving free fireworks for every question.

The sun was throwing skyscraper shadows all over Manhattan when the thing wound up. We were allowed to leave. I had a notion that we were all being given a little rope to hang ourselves on. Particularly me. I expected that I'd be shadowed when I left the building. And I was right. But before I left I made sure of one worry that had been gnawing at me all during the inquiry. Claire was still missing.

The man who picked me up was so good at it that I'd mooched around town on a long and aimless walk for nearly an hour before I was sure that he was the blond youth with the mustache and the rosette in his lapel.

I'd ascertained that by going on a dopey shopping tour downtown for a couple of ties and uptown for socks to match.

I called Claire's hotel. She hadn't been in all day.

After that I began to get scared. I hadn't much of an idea about what to do.

Me with my gun in my hat, and my odds and ends of information, and the girl I was crazy about—missing.

I had dinner at a restaurant. My copper shadow watched me eat. I decided to shake him as a first measure. I fiddled around on the platform of the subway as if I were waiting for a particular express. I got through the last closing door of one quite unexpectedly, and that was the end of him. I piled out at the stop after the next and strolled back downtown.

Hungerford was dead. And his treasure was in a "safe place."

I was tooling along Broadway when I got a thought. Some ideas met. One was the fact that people digging for alluvial diamonds were keeping Hungerford from doing something or other—a matter he had mentioned to Burden from Kansas City. Another was the fact that alluvial diamonds grew in South Africa, where the chest had come from.

THE Kansas City man was vexed at some sort of inaction.

I went down to the Telephone Building and got a Kansas City book. I found a Harry Burden who lived on a prosperous-sounding street. I called him.

A woman answered. She said that Harry Burden was in New York—at the Waldorf.

I hurried to the Waldorf and asked for Harry Burden. I was sent up in an elevator.

Burden was a lean, tall, tan, middle-aged man with a hawkish face and knotty hands. I remembered him from the glimpse I'd had of him in the office.

I said, "Mr. Burden, I'm a confidential assistant to Hungerford."

He waved at a chair. "Sit," he said. I wondered if he knew that Hungerford was dead.

"Have you heard from him today?" I asked.

"Naw. Been sitting around waiting to hear."

"He's dead," I said.

"What?" Burden leaped to his feet.

"Fell or jumped from his office window this afternoon."

The Kansas City man snorted. "That'll probably cost me fifty thousand bucks," he said.

"You've paid it to him?"

He stared at me. "Of course. Long ago. Say! Who in hell are you anyway? A cop?"

"Just what I said. How many other men were in on it?"

He shrugged. "You can make a sucker out of me if you like—but not out of the others."

I GOT down to brass tacks. "Look," I said. "I'm just a guy who walked in off the street and got a job with Hungerford a few months ago. Since then there's been a murder of one firm member, a suicide of a secretary that looks sour, and now Hungerford himself. I'm under suspicion—for reasons that are no good at all—and I'm trying to find out what's behind all this. To clear myself. You can help me."

I looked as worried and wistful as a mug as big as I can look.

"How?"

"Just assure me that what I suspect is correct."

"What do you suspect?"

I lighted a cigarette and pulled my thoughts together.

"I suspect that some time ago Hungerford got you and some other men together to help finance a secret treasure hunt. I suspect that he showed you an old map drawn on goatskin and also a few genuine gold Spanish coins. I suspect that he asked you to put up a lot of dough, and that you investigated his reputation and found it was good. I believe that you trusted him because he was in the salvage business and knew about things like the discovery of lost wealth. I think you and others chipped in, secretly, fifty thousand dollars apiece. Then time passed—and nothing happened. Finally you came East to see why nothing happened. The treasure was supposed to lie on a river bank in South Africa. Alluvial diamonds have recently been found there, and Hungerford stalled you off by saying he couldn't dig deep for a treasure in a country that was full of tough guys."

"Well?"

"Am I right?"

Burden said, "Suppose you are. What do you intend to do?"

"Mr. Burden, Hungerford was given that map twenty-five years ago. He had already dug up the chest. But it was a phony. Captain Seal—the pirate who hid it—kept the real swag for himself and let his crew bury a chest filled with broken glass."

"Good Lord!"

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Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

"It was a con game. Hungerford's wife was pushing him for dough. She wanted a ritzy house. Hungerford wanted to get it for her. So he took all of you in on a con game. He bought his house with the money you gave him secretly for a treasure hunt. I suppose—if you had kept after him—he might have taken that phony chest all the way to Africa and buried it and dug it up and told you he was sorry. How much did you guys put up?"

"Five of us," said Burden, "gave him fifty thousand each. None of us had ever had anything to do with shipping. We were landlubbers. All from Kansas City and St. Louis. But when I began to think it over I decided a quarter of a million was a lot of dough. I was suspicious of Hungerford"—he eyed me and continued—"and I began to look into it."

I chain-smoked another cigarette. "He was a good guy," I said. "His wife's greed drove him to it. And I imagine that he told her about his con game. After that she had something over him and she must have made his life hell. I think that her nagging probably made him jump today—if he jumped. She was in the office waiting for him when it happened. I suppose that Hungerford was stuck in the last step of his scheme because of those diamond diggers. In order to haul the treasure out of the ground, he had to bury it first. And he couldn't do that with all that part of Africa overrun by diggers."

Burden agreed with me curtly. "Yep. Probably right. Well—he was smart. I couldn't get anything on him. I've had a detective right in his office for nearly a year—ever since we made the arrangement—"

It was my turn to jump up.

"Who?" I asked.

"Oh—I don't know. I hired the Paul Powers Agency and they got a girl operator into the place. She could listen in on all phone calls and so on. But she never accomplished anything."

"Is the Paul Powers Agency on Broadway in a skyscraper at about Forty-eighth?"

"Yes. But—what's the matter?"

I must have been making faces. So! Claire was a detective. That explained the man on the subway. It explained a lot more.

"What kind of an agency is this Paul Powers thing?" I asked.

"No good, to judge from the results. I got it from an ad in a magazine."

I carefully put on my derby then. I'd been holding it all the time. I promised Burden that I wouldn't use his name and shook hands with him. I left casually, but when his door closed I ran.

I hurried to a telephone in the Waldorf and called Claire's hotel. She hadn't come in. I asked for her next at the Powers Agency—and a man on duty professed never to have heard of her.

It rushed into my mind that the Powers Agency might not be on the level. I wanted to find Claire. I dialed the number again, disguised my voice, and asked for Powers himself. I was told that he would not be in until morning.

I decided to get the low-down on Powers.

I PUT another nickel in the telephone and asked for the Commissioner of Police or some one in his office. I gave the name of a very well known New York banker. I got a rather intelligent-sounding fellow who asked me politely what I wanted. I pretended to be pretty rugged and at the same time a shade embarrassed. I said that I was sending my wife on a long train trip with my baby and that I wanted to know what agency would furnish me the best man to protect them. The polite gent at headquarters suggested Pinkerton. "They'll give you a good man, Mr. Blank."

"I've heard from a friend," I said amiably, "that the Paul Powers Agency is also pretty reliable."

"Your friend was mistaken, Mr. Blank," he answered at once. "We have plenty against Powers here and the Commissioner would like to have him behind bars tonight. Evidence too slim. But he's no one to use for a job like that—or any other kind."

I thanked the guy and I hung up. I began to believe that I had been right in worrying about Claire. If Powers ran an outfit like that, things could happen to her.

I went over to the building on Broadway and up to the Powers office. It was about nine o'clock. There were lights in the office and the door was open. Inside, sitting at the switchboard desk, was a pale, oafish, shifty-eyed lad of about twenty-one reading Detective Mystery Tales.

I said, "I'm Vanderbilt." I was getting to be something of an impersonator. "I've got to reach Mr. Powers tonight."

"No can do," said the pallid slug.

"There's fifty thousand dollars for your boss, my lad, if you can get through to him immediately."

He looked interested. "Yeah?"

I said, "Hurry! It's all on the q. t. who I am except to Paul Powers himself."

THE lad called a number in Hoboken, and I burned it into my memory. He repeated my message, and his face grew red as he was roasted in ringing profanity by Powers. I heard the boy say, "Naw. I had the sense to call from the other room." Then he looked at me. "Move on, mister," he said. "I knew it was a gag and just faked that call. You're a dick, aren't you?"

I took off my hat. I took my gun from my hat and pointed it at him. Nobody expects guns to be popped out of hats, even by magicians. He was surprised. I gave him sixty seconds to tell me the address of the place where Powers was. As the seconds passed I inched the gun nearer. At forty-five he gave me a number. But I'd seen his rat mind work when it was spurred, so I said, "That's not the right one, is it? Now show it to me in writing. It must be on a card file in this joint somewhere. Thirty-five seconds!" I got an address in Hoboken in thirty-four.

We were both sweating.

I then picked the goof up and filled his mouth with paper. Over that I put my handkerchief. He tried to kick—but he was small and I am not. I tore out every telephone in the shop and I used all their wires to make the mug safe for the evening in his chair. He wasn't comfortable but he wasn't in pain.

I went to Hoboken by taxi and the Tube.

The house was in a minor slum not far from the river. It had lights behind drawn blinds. It was made of frowsy dark-red brick. I walked past it twice and then sneaked into its small yard over an iron fence. I scrambled around in back.

I could hear a vague murmur in the cellar. It was as black as Tophet.

I tried the cellar door and the back door quietly and in a hurry—but they were locked. I slid around to the front and did the same thing.

The front door was also locked.

I considered barging through a window, but I abandoned the notion. Instead I went up on the porch again and knocked. I knocked softly and then more loudly. I couldn't hear any sounds at all from the porch.

Finally some one moved through the house to the door and opened it. "Yeah?" a tough-looking bird said.

"Where," I asked, "is Harlan Street?"

"Hunh? What street?" He stepped out a little way and I gave him the business. I knocked him cold, rubbed my knuckles, looked up and down the street to make sure it was empty, and heaved him out into the gutter. Then I went through the door and locked myself inside. There was a tawdry living room and an unused dining room on the first floor. Both were empty.

On the second floor were two bedrooms with mussed beds, also empty. I went into the kitchen and down to the cellar.

It was divided by unpainted partitions. Behind one of them Claire was pleading. It had a door which was closed, but I yanked it open and walked in.

At the same time I did the hat trick.

There were three men in the room. One of them shot almost as soon as I entered.

What happens next? Was Brown shot? What was Claire pleading for? The story ends with next week's installment. An amazing plot is disclosed which clears up everything—the mystery veiling Brierly's murder, and the uncertainty of Hungerford's and Mary Boley's deaths. Can you guess now what the wind-up will be?

Give these LITTLE GIRLS the AIR

by ELSIE JANIS

Without Authority of the Federal Radio Commission, Little Elsie, the Inimitable Imitator, Begs to Inquire Why There Are So Many Kings of the Ether Waves and So Few Queens. Don't Answer. She Tells You

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

WHERE are the queens of the air? Either the deck is stacked, or men have sneaked back into power after years of so-called sex equality. Personally I'm glad to see the poor lads get a break. Certainly the gals predominate on screen and stage, so why not let men have the air? Try and take it away from them. They rule the ether waves. There are at least eight of them eligible for the king's crown, while the queen's dome decoration dangles on the peg of public approval unclaimed. Why is this?

I'm asking, not telling; but while you are thinking up an answer I shall jot down my theory. Broadcasting requires courage and ego. I hesitate to suggest that men have more of the former, but I admit, in fact I insist, that in most of them the latter quality is a quantity. Women want their praise on a platter. They want to hear it, not read it in fan letters. They want to *see* smiles of approval, not have to *imagine* them.

Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Ben Bernie, Jack Pearl, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Fred Allen, George Cohan, Will Rogers, Al Jolson, Walter Winchell. For goodness' sake, boys, won't any of you get up and give your seat to a lady? Don't forget, it isn't so long ago that Kate Smith moved over and made room for two or three of you. In rereading the radio sweepstakes above I seem to feel a tug at my pen, a real pull on my tangled heartstrings. It is undoubtedly the ghost of dear old defunct vaudeville. With the exceptions of Cantor, Jolson, and Winchell, all those kings of the air have been just plain folks twice a day on a variety bill with me in the land of Not So Long Ago. I may have shared a proscenium with Walter Winchell, but I can't believe a personality like that could have passed unnoticed even in the potpourri of vaudeville. Neither would I have believed that the slim popeyed young man I saw in a minstrel show years ago—a show which could never have hoped to make the metropolis, but which furnished a background of burnt cork for a vibrant personality so strong that I wired to my manager, the late C. B. Dillingham, about it—would turn out to be Eddie Cantor. He is the only one of the kings so far who rates one hundred per cent on air, stage, and screen, to say nothing of a good solid sixty per cent, at least, in writing.

Usually one line must make way for another. Ed Wynn, great on air and screen, broadcasts, "Why mention that, Graham?" when asked about his film ventures. Jack Pearl ditto! George M. Cohan, more than king in the theater since boyhood, stepped right up to the "mike" with an Oh, Yeah and a Sez You! He succeeded in putting the air in its place and taking his place on the air, but he could write a book about what Hollywood did to him. Al Jolson, supreme on the stage, highly satisfactory on the screen, a slow starter in the air Derby, has romped to the fore this last year. Just what happened to the famous Jolson personality at first is hard to fathom, unless, like myself, he had been so accustomed to talking an audience into good humor that he thought that he could do it to the great unseen public.

When he could not hear anybody yessing him the panic was on. The five thousand dollars he received for each broadcast must have seemed at least four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons for being dissatisfied. This year he need have no qualms. I'm not sure he had any last year.

Will Rogers, down to his last three sure ways of making unbelievable thousands, had deserted the stage for some time.

As I write he is breaking all records in Los Angeles playing George Cohan's part in Ah, Wilderness! I haven't heard much about his acting, but he makes a speech between the acts which holds the audience seatbound for fifteen minutes.

"*Revenons à nos moutons,*" or, to translate liberally, let us return to our sheep! (Strange habits the French have.) The Old Maestro Ben Bernie, having been content to rest on his fiddle-and-malt laurels for years, has just made his film début. I'm backing the Old Maestro to surprise many of his listeners. He's much more maestro than old.

I still say, Where, oh, where are the queens? I wish they would start something. I would like a piece of that thar air myself, but having been the *avant-garde* in one war, I sort of feel it's up to some of the more ambitious feminine contenders to blaze a nice trail so I may approach in safety from the rear. I was on the air two years ago, but you probably didn't hear about it. I was on for thirteen weeks, but you still probably didn't hear about it.

Twice a week for those thirteen weeks I suffered in the name of a supergas. I was rated a ninety-six on fan mail, which they explained meant that ninety-six per cent

"No substitute for OLIVE OIL to prevent that skin irritation!"

Gus. Mauch

TRAINER OF N. Y. GIANTS, PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM

NO AFTER-SHAVE STING OR BURN

with Palmolive..the Shave Cream made with olive oil

FOOTBALL players take it on the skin—plenty! But Gus Mauch, knows how to fix *that!* For he, like thousands of barbers, trainers and skin specialists, knows that olive oil is the finest thing there is to sooth irritated skin!

That's why olive oil, in just the right amount, goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream—to keep your face fresh and smooth, free from after-shave irritation.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (one inch of cream makes a full quart of lather!) This lather *stands* up for ten minutes—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, easier shave!

LARGE SIZE TUBE

ONLY 25¢

PALMOLIVE shave cream
PALMOLIVE shave cream

FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢

of the letter writers liked me. I was so intrigued by how much the other four per cent disliked me that I was still shaking before the mike on my last broadcast. I would get things going pretty well, and then by the time the gent with a beautifully modulated voice got through explaining how I was brought to the air through the courtesy of the such and such oil company of this and that state, I was sunk in my geography lesson and had to be dug up to finish the program.

Seriously, in case you think I don't take my ether that way, I love radio, and I'm really good if I don't get paid; so one of these days when my ship comes in, I shall muster together a gang of mike-shy gals and find out if there is any foundation for my suspicion that the guy who said "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" was gifted with foresight and referred to their status in radio broadcasting. I'm trying desperately to think of any woman on the air that I would stay home to listen to as I do in the case of Edwin C. Hill, yet it would seem, what with the many brilliant women speakers existent, there should be one who could rise above the plethora of cold creams, powders, household cleansers, and beds to which the feminine voice so far is relegated.

Well, I can't worry about it if the gals are satisfied to be ladies in waiting at the greatest court in the world. Even among the less important members there are ten princes for one princess. Twenty jesters for one jesterette. Gracie Allen is about the most enduring and consistently funny woman, and half the time she has to "let George do it"! I guess we will have to wait for television.

Evidently there is something to the idea that woman's place is in the home as far as radio is concerned. Myrt and Marge, Clara, Lou, and Em, the Goldbergs, Easy Aces, and many other domestic never-ending serials are dominated by feminine simplicity and hominess. Personally I like them and can quite understand their strange hold on the public, but there should be a spot somewhere for the woman who is not simple.

Rosa Ponselle has been a great feather in the feminine cap. Seven thousand dollars a singcast isn't bad. But so many people never listen to singers at all. That's why I didn't elect Bing Crosby emperor over all. As far as I'm concerned, he is.

John McCormack, Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, and other great singers are all in the money; but where grandma craves Home on the Range, the kids want Ed Wynn on his horse. Where mother and dad might be moved to write a fan letter just to say something, the kids don't need moving. They will write ten fan letters just to start something. Radioland is undoubtedly ruled by comics and kids, which is as it should be.

Not to be overlooked in their importance to the kingdom of the air are those cabinet ministers; Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, Louis Read, Harry Van Zel, Norman Brokenshire, Howard Claney, and others who handle the more important affairs such as baseball, football, tennis, hockey, polo, racing, et al.

YOU may have gleaned by this time that I am somewhat radio-minded. The only person I can think of who is more ether-conscious is Boake Carter. He can find more ways to drag the particular make of radio he represents into international news than European countries can find excuses for defaulting.

Those two members of radio royalty who are at present playing a run in Washington—F. D. and his lady—are surely the mike's dream come true. They both treat it like an old friend. When they broadcast, one can almost see them patting the top of mike's sensitive head, saying, "There now, don't worry; everything's going to sound O.K. There is no sponsor to kick about your work. You remember us. We're the parents of that New Deal every one has been throwing in your face for the last year!" Somebody ought to sign that couple up before they realize what "naturals" they are for radio. Maybe they, too, are good because they don't get paid.

Station JANIS signing off now. When you hear the gong it will be just two hundred words past the number I was supposed to write. If you have enjoyed this program you can express your appreciation by simply buying one thousand copies of this magazine and sending them all over the world. It's very simple. No expense! No trouble! No sense to it, really, but you will be contributing your bit toward this gigantic project. You might be the one to find a queen for radioland.

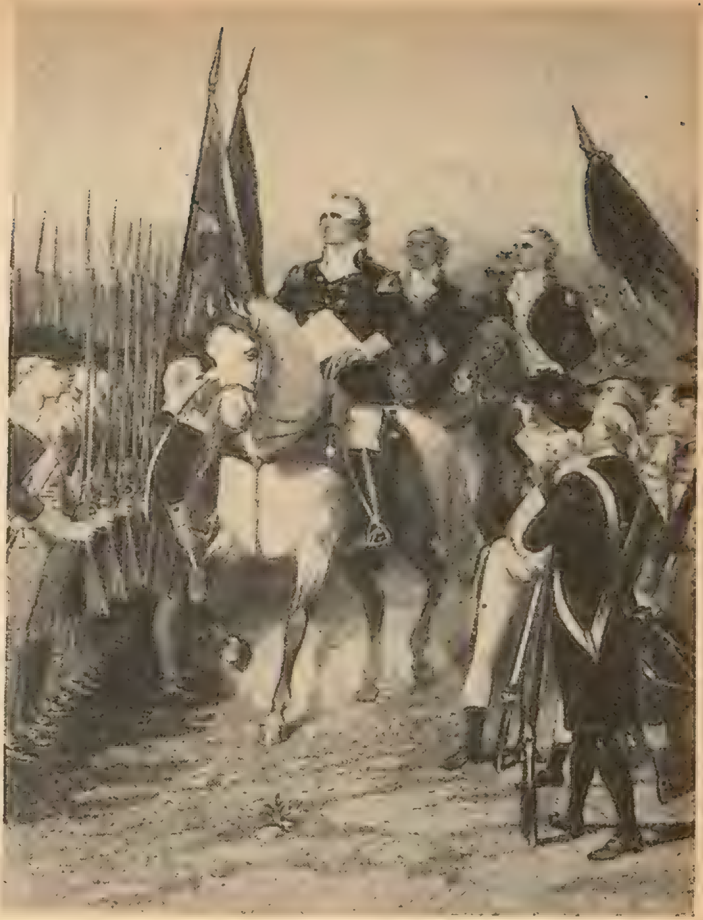
PS. If you should find one, don't give your real name, because those kings are still shooting for their crown, and the last I heard, Joe Penner was reaching for the dice.

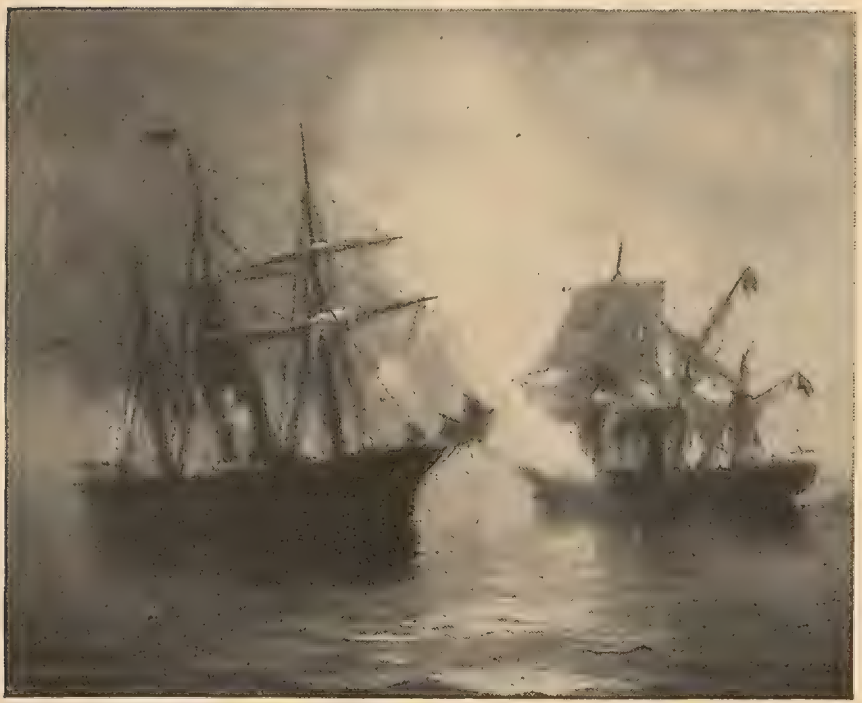
THE END

Answers to Perk-Ups on Page 24

1A—Would	1B—Wood	10A—Made	10B—Maid
2A—Two	2B—To 2C—Too	11A—There	11B—Their
3A—Aunt	3B—Ant	12A—Horse	12B—Hoarse
4A—Missed	4B—Mist	13A—Mane	13B—Main
5A—We've	5B—Weave	14A—Sleigh	14B—Slay
6A—Grown	6B—Groan	15A—Gait	15B—Gate
7A—Taught	7B—Taut	16A—Rode	16B—Road
8A—Coarse	8B—Course	17A—Inn	17B—In
9A—Dew	9B—Do 9C—Due	18A—Neigh	18B—Nay

FINALS! $2,000 HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST





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The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

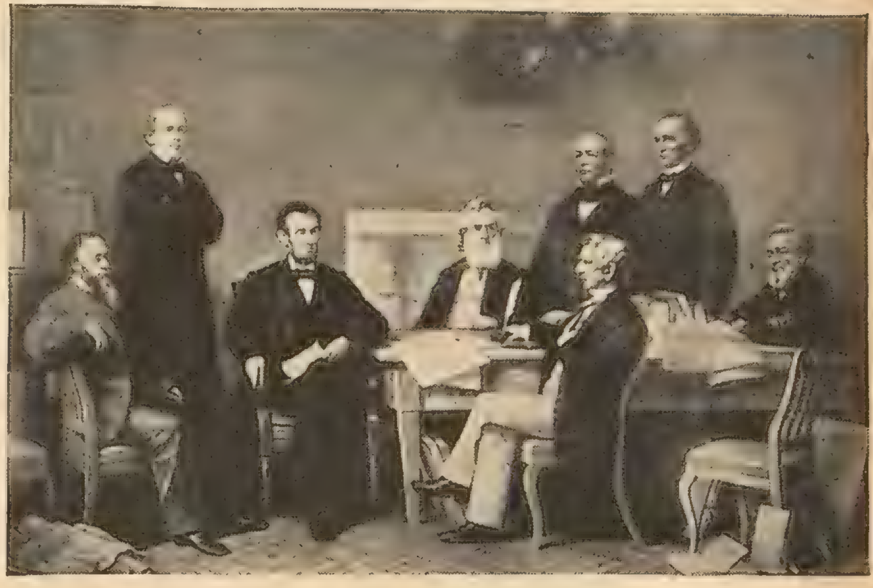
4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth



KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE

IDENTIFICATION of the historic episodes illustrated by these three pictures will complete your contest series of thirty reproductions. Arrange your presentation of this material and submit it as instructed in the rules, being sure it is mailed in time to be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date for all entries.

It takes weeks to check carefully and rate each of the thousands of entries in a contest of this nature, but awards will be announced in the earliest possible issue. Checks will be mailed at the time the awards appear in print.

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

A CASH PRIZE POSTAGE-STAMP CONTEST NEXT WEEK

COLORFUL, CYN

The Pictures Offer a Much Censor
Mason, an Elusive Arlen Revival, a

by BEVERL

READING TIM

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE BELLE OF THE NINETIES

THE PLAYERS: Mae West, Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine De Mille, Warren Hymer, Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. Story by Mae West.

THERE is so much color, lusty humor, and good honest vulgarity in The Belle of the Nineties, Mae West's latest, that even the censor-hacked version which the public is allowed to see still kicks with life.

Frankly bawdy, the picture shows the robust Miss West as a St. Louis entertainer currently knocking the town cold with a series of tableaux which present her as the American Rose and in sundry other poses, including the Statue of Liberty. At the time she is happily entangled with Tiger Kid (Roger Pryor), the hard-hitting pride of the Middle West. The championship in view, his harassed manager frames the Tiger Kid into thinking that Mae is doin' him wrong. And when the ever-loving pugilist walks out on her, she packs off to New Orleans.

There she performs in the hostelry of one Ace Lamont, marcelled gambler and promoter. Lamont (John Miljan) is such a bad guy that the glib Miss West wonders why his mother didn't throw him away and keep the stork instead. Ambitious as he is villainous, Lamont discards his consort for the St. Louis charmer and seems pointed toward making some headway with her. This, however, is abruptly halted when Lamont, the rat, with the assistance of Tiger Kid, robs Miss West of her jewels.

Not a gal to be trifled with, the voluptuous West puts both the boys behind the eight ball by doping the fighter's water at the championship bout, thereby costing Kid the title and setting Lamont deeply in the red.

Due to drastic editing, the story is often incoherent and spotty; but spiced as it is with Mae West's flippant quips, Duke Ellington's torrid music, the general enthusiasm of its players, and its air of hedonistic abandon, we believe you'll find it a freshening change.

Mae West in her latest, The Belle of the Nineties—a picture that "still kicks with life" despite censoring.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original story written in bed by Mae West. Originally dubbed It Ain't No Sin, the title's been switched from St. Louis Woman to Belle of N'Orleans to Kansas this or that and it almost became Hannah from Hohokus. Its chief obeisance to the censor lies in Mae West's getting married cleanly at trail's end; she walks into the sunset for the first time in her picture career. It cost nearly a million dollars, an unheard-of sum for Mae Westerns. She Done Him Wrong reaped a quarter million in four weeks at New York's Paramount. . . . Purple-and-Passion Mae West came bustling and busting into this world via Brooklyn, New York, about forty, forty-one, or forty-two years ago. Mae will tell you about thirty years ago, and that her real name is Mae West. Don't listen to her. Her mother was French and her father a featherweight boxer of the John L. Sullivan era. Now sire West's a chiropractor. As a child, she claims, she did church and club imitations of Eva Tanguay (imagine imitating Eva at a church!). Later she got into a Brooklyn stock company. Still later she thrilled vodvil audiences till she made a Broadway sensation for two years in plays of the Texas Guinan or Suppressed Era, one of which landed her on Blackwell's Welfare Island for ten days. Her charity, which is fabulous, is offset by her business stinginess, which is equally fabulous. Has socked most of her cash away shrewdly, running practically all her affairs herself with the aid of Mr. Timoney, a lawyer and Mae's supposed heart. She doesn't marry him (or any one else), they say, owing to a present mystery marriage with old-time vodvil actor, whom her religion forbids her to divorce. Her male admirers are aged eight to eighty. Lives quietly in a Hollywood rented apartment, drives an armored car owing to underworld threats, keeps acrobat's hours, doesn't smoke or drink, is constantly writing (her books are good sellers), is brilliant at extemporaneous wise-crack dialogue writing on set. The hourglass figure actually weighs 119, is 37½ inches around the bust, the same around the hips, and 29½ inches around the middle—no spaghetti creation, as you can see. Her juveniles grow younger and younger in each picture, Roger Pryor, son of the band leader, being her youngest yet. Recently was robbed of $17,000 worth of jewels in front of Hollywood home. Uses incident in film. Astrologists prophesy marriage for her by 1938. Likes boxing matches. Has been made a Kentucky colonel and when N'Orleans story locale of the Belle was made known was made honorary member of thirty-two N'Orleans social organizations. Has had the Mae West rose named after her, a shaving soap, etc.; and a fruit vender wanted her to grow the Mae West orange. Wears a nightgown to bed. She plans to do Queen of Sheba next, followed by Me and the King, story of an actress who dazzles a king on a foreign tour. Collects books on famous courtesans. Likes steak and lettuce salad. Thirty-five million have already paid to see I'm No Angel, which tripled take of She Done Him Wrong; Mae herself got about $200,000 on it. She probably gets $2,500 a week and cut on picture grosses.

Constance Bennett, as Iris Mar

★ ★ ½ THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG

THE PLAYERS: Warren William, Mary Astor, Helen Trenholme, Allen Jenkins, Grant Mitchell, Helen Lowell, Dorothy Tree, Gordon Westcott. Directed by Alan Crosland. Story by Erle Stanley Gardner.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, whose mysteries consistently intrigue his large following of readers, makes his début as a cinema author with The Case of the Howling Dog, the first of a series of Perry Mason pictures.

Swiftly paced, competently played, the film is honest in its clues and often both humorous and exciting. Warren William as the casually cynical Perry Mason seems ideally suited to the rôle of the amazingly astute criminal attorney.

Dealing with a client whom he has acquired by proxy, faced with one unsolved murder and possibly two, Perry Mason, beginning with the mysterious howling of a dog and the recently built addition to a garage as his only clues, builds up a brilliant defense for his client. The major portion of the picture concerns Mason's chase of facts after the crime and his acquiring of evidence. This leads to escapades with the police, the exposure of marital infidelities and assumed identities, and involvement with shady characters.

Mary Astor, Helen Trenholme, and Allen Jenkins are more than acceptable in support of Warren William, while Gordon Westcott, as the neurotic who hires Perry Mason, gives one of the best "bit" performances of the year.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture is first in Liberty-Erle Stanley Gardner-Warner Brothers series. Next to come: Case of the Curious Bride. Gardner has Warner Brothers contract. He lives in San Francisco; is a lawyer; has sold rights to next five pictures to Warners. . . . Warren William is really Warren William Krech. Satisfying his boyhood ambition to be a sea captain, he has bought Dick Barthelmess's old schooner Pegasus. Is an inventor. Invented a dog kennel and a leash for running several dogs at once. Doesn't wear a mustache off the screen, and not always in his pictures either; with or without one, his stipend is $2,000 a week. Just finished playing Philo Vance and now he's Perry Mason and will continue to be so. . . . Mary Astor (Lucille Langhankie) worked in the picture

ICAL, CRYPTIC

ae West, a Film Debut for Perry
Homespun Tale from the Past

ILLS

MINUTES 5 SECONDS

d Herbert Marshall in Outcast Lady.

a week without saying a word. That was in courtroom sequences during which she listens and keeps mum. Life going along on even keel for Mary since late financial unpleasantness with folks, the matter having been settled to satisfaction of all concerned. . . . Helen Trenholme is playing her first movie part in this picture. Made her début on Broadway in Strange Orchestra, a play which ran (*sic*) one night. Movie scouts saw her and Warners signed her. Is from Montreal. . . . Dorothy Tree's real name is Treibitz. She's a Brooklyn lassie. . . . Burton Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles, was supervisor of courtroom scenes in picture. . . . Gordon Westcott went to Utah Agricultural College, University of Utah, Columbia School of Journalism, and Trinity College, Dublin. Has studied for ministry. Is part owner of 5,500-acre Utah ranch called Fool's Creek Ranch. . . . Grant Mitchell belongs to the Yale Club and studied law before the stage claimed him. Was both Yale and Harvard man before getting LL.B. . . . Allen Jenkins grows mustaches at will for screen parts. . . . Director Alan Crosland directed The Jazz Singer. . . . Animal in picture: Lightning, the police dog who howled.

★ ★ OUTCAST LADY

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Hugh Williams, Elizabeth Allan, Henry Stephenson, Ralph Forbes. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Story by Michael Arlen.

LIKE The Belle of the Nineties, Outcast Lady deals with highly censorable materials. Unlike the Mae West picture, though, Outcast Lady is never bawdy nor frankly risqué. Its surface is mannered, genteel, and casual.

Taken from The Green Hat, Michael Arlen's sensational novel of the '20s, M.G.M. dresses this new version with lovely settings and beautiful photography. The cast, headed by Constance Bennett and Herbert Marshall, is uniformly capable. But for those who do not remember the novel there are many sequences which are only mystifying instead of enlightening.

With all its aimless wandering and sometimes baffling displays of emotion, Outcast Lady manages to capture moments of real feeling and in the tragic climax it is truly compelling. Constance Bennett has seldom looked more beautiful, nor has she ever appeared with more telling effect. In tracing Iris March's career she is believable and moving.

VITAL STATISTICS: Constance (Connie) Bennett is the fifth star to play Iris March: other Irises having been Katharine Cornell, Ann Harding, Tallulah Bankhead (that Alabama star who fell on England), and Garbo. La Bennett has been annul-wedded to Chet Morehead, St. Paul, Minnesota, socialite; divorced from Philip Plant, New York millionaire playboy; is now wedded to Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, Gloria Swanson offcast. She's a real marquise but can be seen places with Gilbert Roland, small-mustachioed Hollywood romantic leading man. She received $1,000,000 from husband Plant as a divorce settlement. What with a large salary (once it was $10,000 a week—now $85,000 a picture), she is supposed to have a couple of million. . . . One-legged, restrained Englishman Herbert (Bart, not Bert) Marshall, a free lance who gets $6,000 a week when he works, is still being frantically torn from Gloria Swanson, his current All, and reconciled with Edna Best, his charming wife, by fan-magazine sob sisters. . . . Robert Lorraine—beg poddon, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Lorraine, D.S.C., M.C.—is an old English stager. He was a war ace and still rues not having brought down von Richthofen. Was first aviator to pilot a plane outside sight of England. While Herbert Marshall was being wounded in the Battle of Arras in 1915, Lorraine was flying overhead on patrol duty. . . . Hugh Williams was the Captain Stanhope of Journey's End when produced at the Henry Miller Theater, New York, in 1929. . . . Elizabeth Allan, cabled for from England for rôle of Venice, made trip to Hollywood in seven nonstop days. . . . Mrs. Pat Campbell is Shavian heroine of intelligence now being typed for silly-old-women parts by Hollywood. . . . Dress designer Adrian features pleated swirl skirt for fall chic, goils. Bennett wears it. . . . Alec B. Francis, Hollywood's most frequent screen father, plays a butler in this picture. . . . Carroty, fattish Director Robert Z(iz) Leonard, once a musicomedy tenor of note, has been in pictures twenty-four years and once missed a cue arguing about going into them, with Richard Bennett, in the wings of a show in which they were appearing together. . . . Dog in picture: Moonbeam, Mrs. Campbell's Peke. Bird in picture: Mike, a greater hill mynah, talking bird of India, who talks like Dizzy Dean.

★ ½ MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

THE PLAYERS: Pauline Lord, W. C. Fields, Zasu Pitts, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Donald Meek, Jimmy Butler, George Breakstone. Directed by Norman Taurog. Story by Alice Hegan Rice and Anne Crawford Flexner.

ZASU PITTS, W. C. Fields, and Pauline Lord, playing the title rôle, sink together in a mawkish rendition of the hearty and sentimental Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Alice Hegan Rice's famous tale which had vigor enough to survive three generations.

The film retains most of the incidents of the book—Mrs. Wiggs's struggle with poverty, her geographically named children, Mrs. Hazy and the bibacious Mr. Stubbins—but in its attempt to be quaintly whimsical they have been entirely distorted. Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable supply vapid love interest.

VITAL STATISTICS: Alice Hegan Rice was a Louisville, Kentucky, welfare worker; took her characters from life; wrote Mrs. Wiggs in a business ledger; eventually sold half a million copies of it—and has never duplicated its success. . . . W. C. Fields, né Dukinfield, is a Philadelphian who took up juggling because he liked to lie on his back while working. Had hard sledding at first. Honky-tonked it for five and ten dollars a week at Atlantic City cafés, and for a time he was a newspaperman—he sold papers. Eventually his dead-pan juggling vodvil pantomime got him Follies recognition and world-wide success. Hates to use word "stooge." Calls Tammany Young his "associate." Is extremely independent, often absenting himself from set for days without explanation. Costs producers money but they don't complain: his pictures make lots of money. (He gets $60,000 a picture.) . . . Pauline Lord makes her screen début as Mrs. Wiggs, coming from Broadway in one leap. Has mousier voice and actually can out-hand-flutter Zasu Pitts, who appears in film too. Was born in Hanford, California. . . . Evelyn Venable is daughter of a Cincinnati professor. . . . The dish Mrs. Wiggs cooks in picture is hog-and-hominy. . . . Director Norman Taurog is most successful with pictures requiring children in various rôles. Did Skippy, Sooky, etc. . . . Two hundred child actors applied for rôles in Mrs. Wiggs. . . . James (Hambone) Robinson is twelve, a nevvy of famous Uncle Bill Robinson and hopes to follow in his uncle's dancing footsteps.

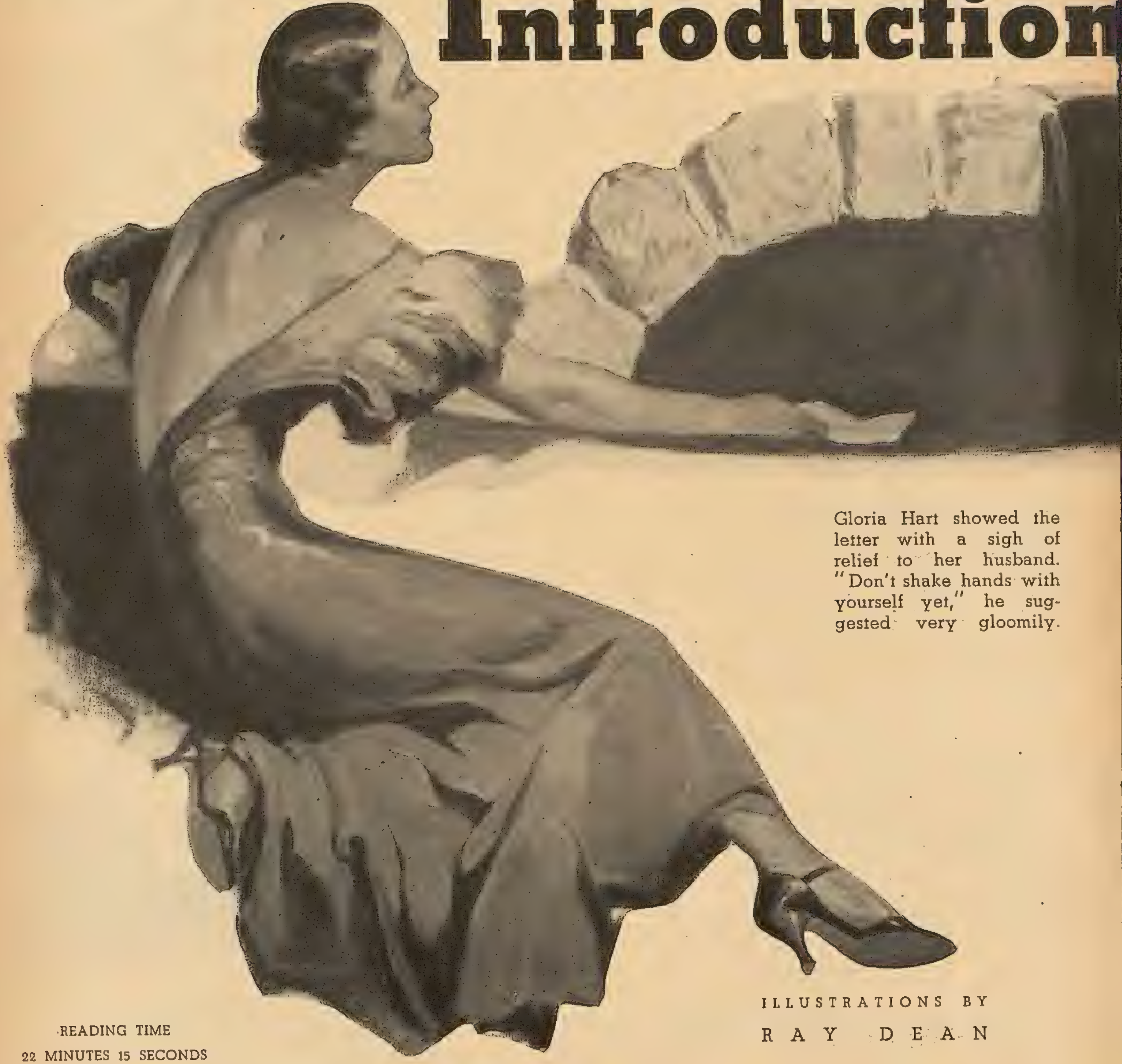
Here's Warren William as Perry Mason in The Case of the Howling Dog, with Mary Astor (left) and Helen Trenholme.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night.

★★★—You Belong to Me, Madame du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar.

A Letter of Introduction



Gloria Hart showed the letter with a sigh of relief to her husband. "Don't shake hands with yourself yet," he suggested very gloomily.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN

READING TIME 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SAM," said Mrs. Agatha Tate as soon as she planted her broad feet squarely upon the threadbare carpet under the old-fashioned walnut chair in Mr. Samuel Crosby's law office, "do you know a rich man with five thousand dollars to invest in the opportunity of a lifetime?"

Mr. Samuel Crosby shook his own shining bald pate with its fringe of moth-eaten mouse-colored hair, clicked his sound lower jaw sadly against his upper plate and prepared to speak.

"Don't do it," Mrs. Tate begged him, briskly for a woman of her tremendous girth. "I know I'm a grandmother. I know I ought to be sittin' home waiting for my arteries to harden instead of running around trying to promote a lot of worthless companies built around a lot of crazy inventions. I know business is no place for a woman, especially when her feet hurt her and she has no more sex appeal left to pop all over the place. We've gone into all that before. Now--"

Mr. Crosby waved a thin hand.

"What's this?" he demanded testily. "Another mahogany forest in Lower California?"

"No, it ain't another mahogany forest in Lower California," said Mrs. Tate defiantly. "And if it was—"

Presenting Agatha Tate (Whom You'll Like) and an Adventure Full of Chuckles . . .

by EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

"Maybe it's another gadget to cut down gasoline."

"No, it ain't a gadget to cut down gasoline," his visitor told him grimly. "Any more twittings?"

"I'm not twitting you," Mr. Crosby clicked severely. "I'm telling you. At your age—"

"At my age," Mrs. Tate snapped at him, "a woman plays golf regularly below eighty. H'd you like to do that? At my age, and ten more besides, a woman is riding to hounds every day and jumping fences that would make you shudder. I've been in business ever since Jack Tate died, twenty-three years ago. I've made enough to bring up a family of four kids and send them all through college. Now just because I'm too set in my ways to go around in lavender and old lace, you click your false teeth and raise your eyes to heaven. By God! If you weren't an old friend of Jack's, I'd take my legal business to somebody that—"

HER legal adviser picked up a disreputable ruler from the blotter before him and shook it excitedly in the broad red face of his client.

"You wouldn't do anything of the kind," he contradicted hotly. "No other decent lawyer would be bothered with a superannuated female Wallingford and her lunatic promotions."

Mrs. Agatha Tate dived into the depths of an immense pocketbook whose shiny leather alone prevented it looking like a carpet bag, and produced a man's white linen handkerchief. When she lowered it from her massive countenance her light-blue eyes were dancing.

"Sam," she said genially, "you're a cross old fool. More of an old woman than I am. But I like you. Now about this—"

"No!" shouted the little lawyer. "I'm through. Absolutely through. I've helped you in and out of a dozen nitwit schemes in the past three or four years. Take that cockeyed idea of the electrically driven toothbrush! And that screwy plan to sell automobiles by mail. Why—why—why—"

Mrs. Tate waited until the last exasperated click had died away.

"Sam," she said softly, "did you ever hear of a follicle?"

"Why—why, if you didn't have a tongue that was hung in the middle and something that makes every man think of his mother, you—you—"

"Stop sputtering. Or a sebaceous gland?"

"Don't be indecent!" howled her legal adviser.

"I'll bet a Class A railroad against a baby's nipple," Mrs. Tate offered the freckled back of one of her great hands musingly, "that the weazened-up little turnip doesn't even know the functional difference between skin and hair."

MR. CROSBY arose excitedly. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that he jumped up.

"See here, Agatha," he began with dignified hauteur, "you can't come into my office and insult me by—"

His client hauled herself ponderously around in her chair. The maneuver added in no wise to her comfort because the arms of the chair clutched firmly at her middle and moved about with her.

"Kiddy-tot furniture," she sniffed contemptuously.

"And insult me by—" Mr. Crosby began again.

"Sit down and stop being a lawyer," his client suggested placidly. "After twenty-five years I'm sick and tired of that voodoo. There was a time when the legal aspect gave me the barber's itch. But not any more. Now about this five thousand dollars."

Mr. Samuel Crosby sank back in his recently forsaken seat and tried to regard the mountain of black silk before him as a fond parent would regard an unruly child. He began with the high pile of millinery that rode like a brig before the wind on a sea of gray and reddish brown hair. For ten years Mr. Crosby had suspected that autumnal tint. He concluded with the nose glasses which dangled from the end of a long gold chain snubbed about the ample neck just under a band of black velvet.

Mrs. Tate returned the stare and added an easy grin to boot.

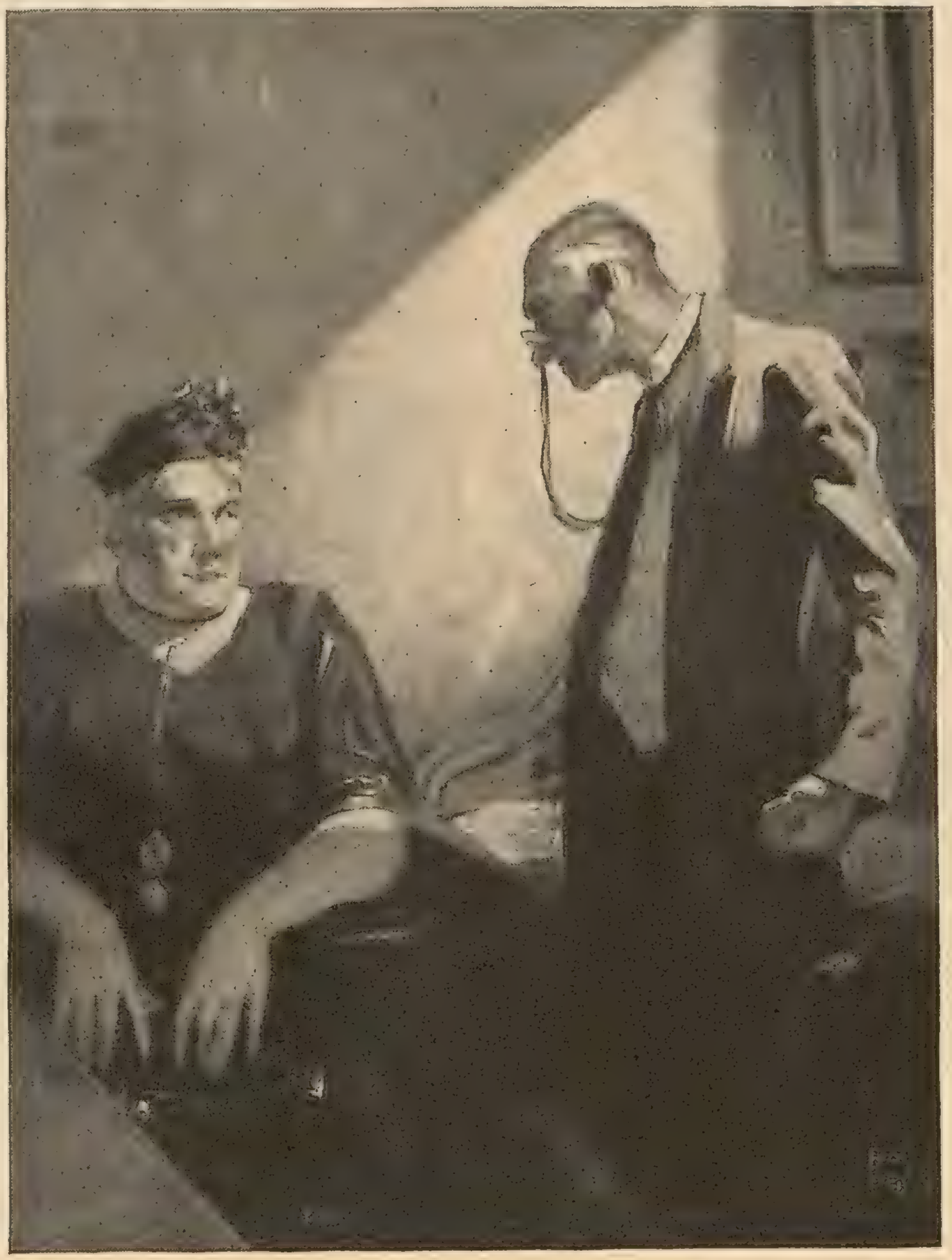
"I'll write to Junior," Mr. Crosby threatened suddenly. "By George, I will! If you won't listen to your husband's oldest friend, maybe you'll have some consideration for your own son. The boy is coming along fine. He'll be one of the biggest sales managers in this country if—if he isn't embarrassed by having his mother running around promoting God knows what next. And Gloria! And your son-in-law! And your grandchildren! By George, woman!"

Mrs. Agatha Tate continued to smile, but something happened to the little red button that marked the beginning of her chin like a buoy marking a series of vermilion reefs. It moved forward challengingly.

"Go ahead," she told him. "The Tate family have had that all out. From the business angle. From the social angle. From the little-grandchild angle. That was after what you so maliciously referred to as another mahogany forest in Lower California. I told them what I've told you. Some women love to put pepper and salt into a stew. I like to season a balance sheet. It kept the Tate brood together—when it wasn't so easy. Now it's going to keep me together. Grandma likes business, and she's goin' to die with her boots on."

"At your age—" her legal adviser began feebly.

Mrs. Tate hitched her chair around wrathfully. "Is there anything in the Constitution, Sam Crosby," she demanded, "that says that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ceases after fifty-five? If there is, why don't you run home and start pressing roses in your memory book?"



Mr. Crosby arose excitedly. "Sit down and stop being a lawyer," his client suggested placidly. "Now about this five thousand."

"I'm a man," Mr. Crosby said throatily. "A man naturally—"

"Naturally," assented his visitor with rumbling sarcasm. "Naturally. Of course. To be sure. Certainly. What the hell would have happened to me and mine if I had sat down when Jack Tate died and said that naturally I was a woman? Pants. Pants! God, it burns me up every time I think of them. Every pair of them wears that superior little smirk that you are wearing right now."

"I'm not," said her legal adviser hastily, and ran a thin hand over his tight lips. Then after a moment he added: "And I'm not saying that you—you didn't do a marvelous job for your family. You did. A job of which any—ahem—man would be proud. But in those days you were er-r more conservative."

"I had to be," Mrs. Tate told him grimly.

"Now—"

"Emeritus," the mountain of flesh broke in, its grimness gone. "Mrs. Agatha Tate, Business Woman Emeritus. That's me, Sam. I'm playin' marbles for fun instead of folding my hands like Whistler's Mother. The long shots. It's like the alcohol they used to dope the patent medicines with. Remember? After the first bottle you felt like a new woman. That sort of hooey? Well, that's how I feel when I get my teeth into a new business opportunity."

MR. CROSBY looked up at his ceiling, not a particularly pleasant vista, and coughed.

"Got any money of your own in this latest er-r opportunity?" he asked suddenly.

"A thousand dollars for an option—and don't bother er-ring me."

Mr. Crosby removed his eyes from his ceiling and laid them on the bony knuckles of his right hand.

"Stop and think," he suggested. "Isn't there something that some member of your family needs that a thousand dollars would buy? Something that would give you infinitely more pleasure than chasing will-o'-wisps?"

Mrs. Tate pried herself forward until her two hundred-odd pounds rested on the edge of her chair. Then she nodded slowly and with definite satisfaction.

"So that's it, eh, Sam? My father used to say that where there were a lot of dills you usually found some pickles. Of course there is. Gloria needs a new coupé. The one she has is a positive wreck. Over two years old, my dear. Positively. Think of it! I wonder what that makes my 1928 sedan?" Then, suddenly: "She's been here?"

Ever the gallant, Mr. Crosby shook his small head. "I—I just happened to meet her on the street."

"You're a liar," Mrs. Tate told him calmly.

"I—I—"

"Being a Tate, she hates to give up. Did she say anything about this new deal of mine?"

NO man likes to be called a liar, especially calmly. "She did!" Mr. Crosby shouted angrily. "Said you were mixed up with some crazy foreigner of a chemist who had a hair tonic. Said the whole family were afraid you were going to make a laughing-stock out of them, the way you did with that dam'-fool mahogany concession. Asked me to try and make you see reason. And the only thanks I get is being called a little turnip! Turnip! By George! Humph."

"Is that any worse than being called a female Wallingford?"

"A hair tonic!" snorted her legal adviser. "Shades of Colonel Mulberry Sellers and perpetual motion!"

Mrs. Tate settled back in her chair and toyed idly with her nose glasses.

"I suppose there's millions in it?" Mr. Crosby demanded with a grunt. "Millions!"

"There's twenty-five grand in it, minimum. Free, net, F. O. B. Any way you want to put it."

Mr. Samuel Crosby laughed. A critic of the lighter mood might have called it a cackle of contempt. "It can't be done," he asserted loudly, "and you know it. Agatha Tate, you're getting worse and worse. What man with enough sense to have five thousand dollars at the end of the greatest depression that the world has ever known, would fall for a fairy story like that? Nothing on earth will grow hair on a bald head, and you know it."

"Did I say anything would?" Mrs. Tate demanded.

"Buccaneer!"

"Tripe."

"I won't do it. That's flat and final."

"It may be flat, and God knows it sounds that way, but it ain't final."

"It is, and—" Mr. Samuel Crosby closed his mouth with the mechanical precision of the proverbial steel trap. An idea had suddenly assailed him. A very pleasing idea. "Listen, Agatha," he said slowly. "If I give you the name of a bald-headed man with five thousand dollars will you agree to quit all this monkey business if he turns you down?"

Mrs. Tate tugged vigorously at her velvet ribbon. "If I know my foxy Sam," she observed dryly, "the gentleman is tough."

"He—he isn't a sucker," her legal adviser admitted, and suppressed with difficulty a giggle of amusement at the conservativeness of his admission.

His client appeared to consider the matter.

"Afraid?" jeered Mr. Crosby. Though a kindly little man at heart, Mr. Crosby felt that his taunt was in the best interests of his client and her family. "Afraid?" he repeated.

Mrs. Tate fingered her gold chain absently. She shook her mountain of millinery slowly.

"I wasn't even thinkin' of your tough hombre," she confessed finally. "I was just thinkin' of a counterproposition." The millinery stopped tossing suddenly. "Lissen, Sam. What is meat balls for the goose is spaghetti for the gander. If I get five thousand dollars out of your open-handed friend will you do something? Will you shut your everlasting jaw and keep out of my family affairs as long as my propositions are on the level and I keep away from the widow-and-orphans support?"

Mr. Crosby thought of Mr. Jeptha Croy and held out his thin hand.

"Agreed," he said instantly. "In fact I'll write you a real nice letter of introduction right now. Mr. Jeptha Croy is a man that—"

"Just a minute," his client put in briskly, "before you write that letter—"

On the following day Mr. Crosby wrote a short note of reassurance to Mrs. Gloria Hart. It read:

DEAR GLORIA:

I think we have your mother's flights into the realms of high and fanciful finance curbed at last. Within a week or two I am sure you can safely count on some new outlet for her prodigious energies. Briefly, she has agreed (and I've never known your mother to even think of going back on her word) that if she cannot interest a certain gentleman, whose name I have given her, in a financial way in her latest scheme she will cease and desist. The certain gentleman is Mr. Jeptha Croy, and I think I may state conservatively that he is a hard nut. And though nobody appreciates your mother's capabilities both as a plausible talker and a grim hanger-on-until-the-last-cat-is-hung more than I do, I cannot help but feel that at last an irresistible force has met an immovable object.

Very truly yours,
SAMUEL CROSBY.

PS. I have not been unfair to your mother in this. In fact after the agreement was made I gave her a very complete picture of Mr. Jeptha Croy. I must add, further, that her reaction to my disclosures was most remarkable. Frankly I still cannot understand it after thinking about it for hours.
S. C.

GLORIA HART showed the letter with a little sigh of relief to her husband. That young gentleman was not so optimistic.

"Don't shake hands with yourself yet," he suggested very gloomily. "She knows more ways of skinning a cat than old Crosby ever thought of."

Mrs. Hart also showed the letter to her younger brother Bill, an engineer in a construction camp.

"Mom'll take the fillings out of the old chimp's teeth," he prophesied gleefully. "You wait and see."

Gloria saw the coarse contamination of the rough life of the construction camp in the remark. She said so primly.

"To hear you talk," she went on in her big-sister tone, "any one would think that you were proud to have mother running around embarrassing both ourselves and our friends with her schemes to make something out of nothing."

"Who? Me?" young Bill demanded loyally. "Of course I am. So's Jack. Mom gets a big kick out of it. It keeps her young. And she never taps anybody that can't afford it."

"Tap!" said Gloria scornfully. "What a word to apply to one's own mother."

"Nuts!" young Bill retorted rudely. "You and Nell and husband Arthur give me one big swift pain in the

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SHOE POLISH
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SHINES FASTER
LASTS LONGER

10¢ [*West of Rocky Mts. two sizes—10¢ and 15¢*]

FASHION NOTE—Shoe styles this Fall feature browns and colors. There's a SHINOLA POLISH to clean and shine every shade of leather. For browns, use Shinola Brown, Tan or Ox-Blood. For other colors, Shinola Neutral Polish.

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neck. You and your Better People. Ask mom to rattle their skeletons for you some rainy afternoon."

"Go back to your mud buckets," said Gloria crossly. "Wait until you marry and have children—"

"Is my face red!" snickered Bill.

MRS. AGATHA TATE planted her square toes firmly under the chair in Mr. Jeptha Croy's private office just as she had planted them on Mr. Crosby's carpet and on everybody else's flooring for over two decades.

The planting seemed to say that the planter was here from now on. They seemed to have a slogan lurking in their burnished depths: "No exit without order."

Mr. Jeptha Croy eyed the bulk of her from behind a drifting smoke screen laid down by his expensive cigar. Mr. Jeptha Croy did not look like a man that should be named Mr. Jeptha Croy.

He was large and burly and his red face said plainly that if he never had another cocktail until the day he died, his over-all batting average would still be pretty good.

Mrs. Agatha Tate eyed his large shining dome, rising like a harvest moon above the smoke clouds, and held out a large envelope.

"Here's a letter of introduction from your friend Sam Crosby," she said briskly.

Mr. Croy took the letter.

"How is the old scarecrow?" he asked jovially.

"He's still God's right-hand man on earth," Mrs. Tate told him.

Mr. Croy grinned appreciatively. Then he ran a hairy finger under the sealed flap of the envelope and hastily skimmed its contents. Then, slowly and carefully, he reread every line.

DEAR JEP [it ran]:

This letter will introduce Mrs. Agatha Tate. She is looking for somebody to put $5,000 into a new hair tonic which she has under option. From this point on, I suppose you are wondering why in the world I sent her to you. Well, here is why:

Her husband was a good friend and client. When he died, stony broke, Mrs. Tate carried on in remarkable shape. She put all her children through school and her eldest son Jack is sales manager of the Metals Corporation of America. The rub is this: Now that the woman is a grandmother and has, financially, no reason to work or worry, she won't quit. Her energy is prodigious. She has promoted one cockeyed scheme after another. Everything from electrical toothbrushes to mahogany concessions in Lower California. Naturally, her Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford complex is disturbing to her family. She tries to sell guests and friends, and unfortunately she often succeeds because she has a tongue that is hung in the middle. To end this unpleasant situation, for the children's sake, I have got the woman to agree (after she came to me for the name of a prospective investor) that if I gave her one, and she was turned down, she would quit.

Briefly, I am sure as I am of anything in this life that the reason she agreed was because she thinks there is no nut so tough that she can't crack it. The old girl is just that sure of herself.

Naturally, I know you won't be interested in her silly scheme.

Sincerely,
SAM.

Mr. Croy looked up from the letter finally.

He studied the person it so frankly, even brutally, introduced. She was staring unconcernedly at the numerous signed photographs which decorated the walls.

"Nice fellow—Sam," he said enigmatically.

The Widow Tate brought her eyes back to the speaker with a start. They were pleasant eyes to look into, Mr. Croy thought. They had a twinkle in them that was ageless.

"He was a great friend of Tate's," she explained. "He's also been my legal adviser for years."

"And a hell of a job he's been doing of it," Mr. Croy thought indignantly, "if his letter of introduction is any sample."

He was irritated with the stringy little lawyer. Did the old fool think that Jep Croy needed a warning of some kind to prevent him throwing his money out of the window? How did the senile old futz think that a man made a million dollars in sixty years? By being a sap?

And then double-crossing the old girl across the desk with a letter like that!

Like many rough-and-ready financiers of the old school, Jeptha Croy had a wide streak of sentiment running through him.

The woman probably thought, and had every right to expect, seeing that Crosby was her husband's friend and her lawyer, that the letter gave her a break.

It made Jeptha Croy mad.

After all, the woman had a right to live her own life without interference from a smug lawyer and a crop of tony children.

AS a result of his feelings, Mr. Croy asked his next question very gently:

"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Tate?"

"You can put five thousand dollars into a sound proposition," the lady told him promptly.

"And the proposition is?"

His visitor propelled herself laboriously forward until her huge leather pocketbook rested on the prospect's desk.

Opening it, she produced a sheaf of papers covered with figures.

"Mr. Croy," she asked suddenly, "do you know what a follicle is?"

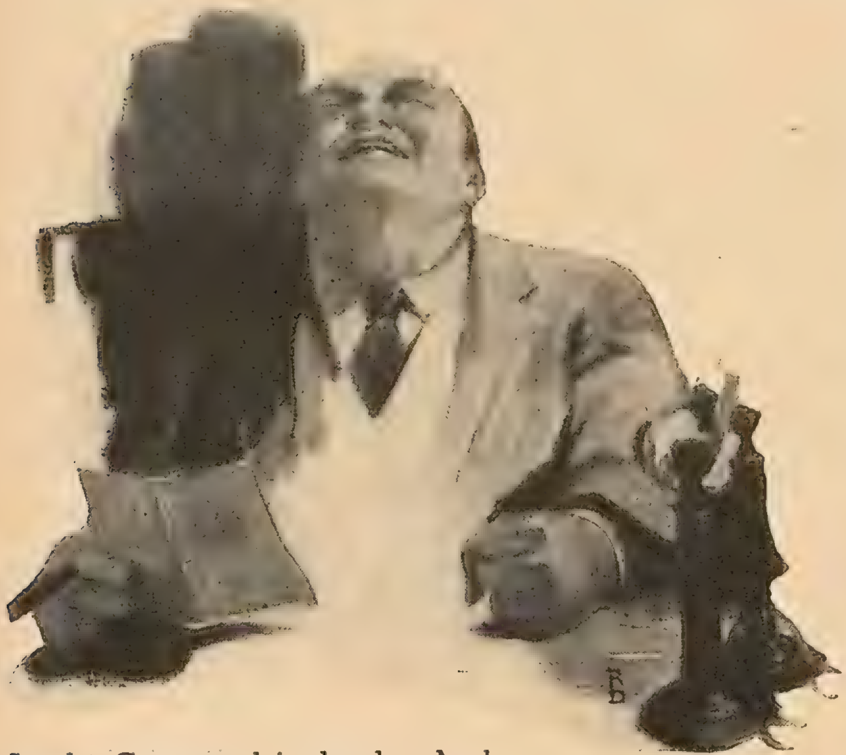
"I wouldn't know one if it jumped up and kissed me," her prospect admitted promptly.

Mrs. Tate nodded. "The oil glands, which normally are attached to the roots of the hair, secrete a natural lubricant in sufficient quantity to keep the surface of the scalp soft and the hair soft and lustrous. Ill health, worry, high living [Mr. Croy winced] often disturb the function of these oil glands."

Mr. Croy nodded absently.

"Now I have an option to purchase for five thousand dollars a formula that takes advantage of the functional differences between skin and hair by stimulating skin-gland activity through the secret blending of certain volatile and essential oils.

"Remember that skin is living tissue, with thousands of actively secreting oil glands, while hair, on the contrary, is not live tissue after formation of its follicle.



Jeptha Croy read it slowly. And then he laughed until the tears ran down his apoplectic cheeks.

"Now, this new formula not only increases glandular activity, but it also contracts the erector muscles of the hairs, making them more erect, and at the same time compresses the sebaceous glands.

"In a nutshell, Mr. Croy, we have the finest, most scientific hair tonic that has ever been presented to the market. A market that is hungry for hair tonics, as is evidenced by the startling success of a dozen different companies."

"But—"

ADJUSTING her heavy glasses, the gold chain dangling majestically, Mrs. Agatha Tate continued.

And the old girl certainly could talk. And as far as it went, the proposition didn't sound bad.

And the woman certainly knew her stuff.

As she plowed along, Mr. Croy recalled his early days when he sat before a stony-faced man and talked fast and furiously for twenty-five hundred dollars, to be invested in the Croy Realty Company.

As the Tate brief proceeded, Mr. Croy found his admiration growing, not so much for the proposition as for the manner the woman presented it.

Mr. Croy smiled appreciatively through the smoke from his cigar.

It would serve old Sam Crosby right if he put five thousand into the proposition just to spike the la-di-da Tate brood.

But five thousand dollars was too expensive a spike.

It was too bad.

That damn' letter and everything.

"—and that's the proposition. What do you think of it?"

Mr. Croy came out of his reverie with a start. Then he shook his head regretfully.

"Mrs. Tate," he began slowly, "believe me when I tell you I'm sorry to tell you that I'm not interested. Not," hastily, "that I don't think you have something. That's the trouble. I think you have. I'm afraid you've a bull by the tail. In other words, I don't think you could get anywhere with five thousand dollars. Why, it would take three or four hundred thousand dollars for advertising alone to put you into business."

"Who said anything about going into business?"

Jeptha Croy stared at her, his mouth open.

"Why—why, this five thousand dollars—"

Mrs. Tate smiled upon him benignly.

"Don't be silly," she chided him. "I want five thousand for the formula and one thousand for expenses. I've already put up the thousand. I'm not trying to sell you on going into the hair-tonic business; I'm selling you on my ability as a salesman. That may be lousy English but it's what I mean. Now the facts are these—"

A half hour later Mrs. Agatha Tate arose, a white slip of paper in her ample fist.

"Thanks for the check," she said simply.

Mr. Jeptha Croy bowed gallantly.

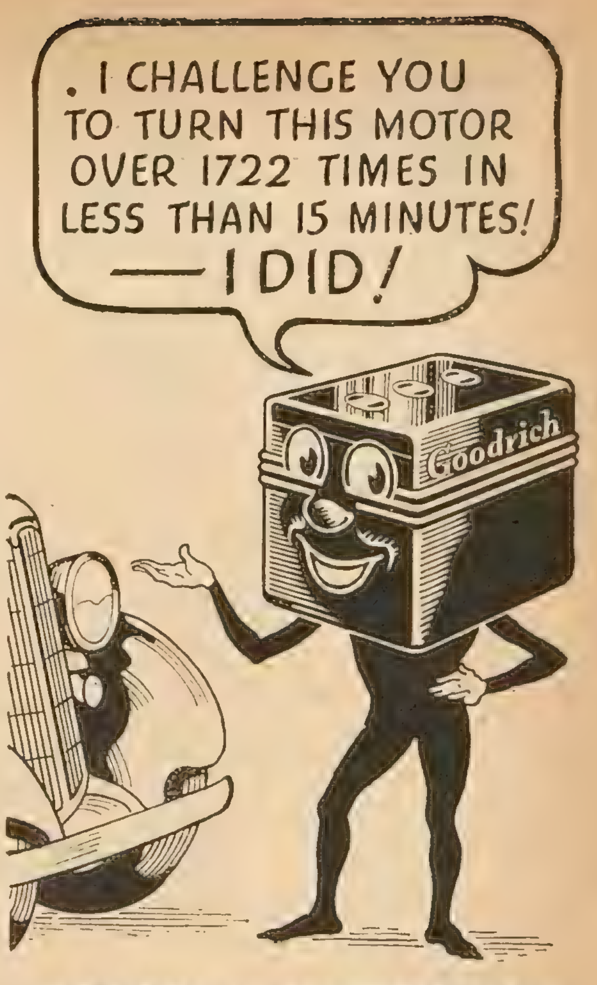
"A pleasure," he asserted, "and I know you will put it over."

"Of course I will," Mrs. Tate told him.

"But even if you don't," the financier went on, "I'll have gotten my money's worth, even in these kind of times. Right now I'm just imagining how a certain old friend of mine's face is going to look when he hears that I've gone into this proposition. Some day maybe I'll tell you about it and I'll bet you bust your sides laughing."

"I'm laughing right now," Mrs. Tate said with a grin.

Three months later Mr. Jeptha Croy wrote to his old friend, Mr. Sam Crosby. The letter read:



. I CHALLENGE YOU TO TURN THIS MOTOR OVER 1722 TIMES IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES! —I DID!
Goodrich

GOODRICH ELECTRO-PAK PROVES AMAZING POWER IN SENSATIONAL TESTS

JUST imagine how you would feel trying to turn a motor over 1722 times. The new Goodrich Electro-Pak did that in recent tests without re-charging. That's *real* power! And no wonder. This battery is especially protected against short circuits, corrosion and power loss with 7 Big Points of Protection including exclusive top cover construction.

Save money and trouble with the new Goodrich Electro-Pak. Also ask your Goodrich Dealer to show you the new Silvertown Tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

The New Goodrich *Electro-Pak* Battery

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

"Klutch" holds

FALSE TEETH

Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25c and 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste* money on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

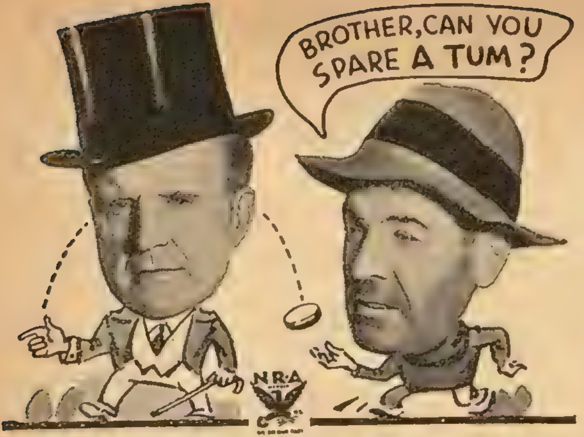
HART & CO., Box 2438-J, Elmira, N.Y.

SELL PLAYING CARDS New Way To Earn EXTRA MONEY

No experience required

Friends and others gladly give you orders for new Monogrammed Playing Cards and other smart Bridge and Pinochle decks at our *popular low prices.* Just show attractive samples which we send you **FREE.** Extra income at once for men and women. Write for free order-taking outfit.

General Card Co., 1201 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 68, Chicago, Ill.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NRA

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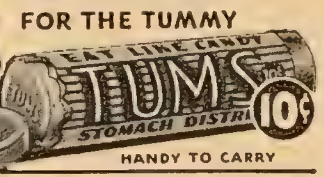
PEOPLE of all ages, from all walks of life, depend on TUMS regularly. For millions already know that these delightful candy-like antacid mints quickly dispel gas and counteract excess acid. Wonderful to relieve and prevent acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, belching and nausea. They contain no soda nor any water soluble alkali. When TUMS correct the acid condition, any excess passes off inert and unabsorbed. Try TUMS yourself—whenever foods or gassy drinks bring on stomach distress. Handy—effective. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

Free 1935 Calendar-Thermometer combined, in beautiful 3-color design, also sample TUMS and NR. *Send name, address and stamp to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. 11-PW, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



HANDY TO CARRY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores

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Dept. J-230 Rochester, N. Y.

CAN HAIR BE REGROWN

Send today for free information telling about explorer's discovery of ancient "Bal-Dava," (meaning hair medicine) from the Far East where baldness is practically unknown . . . learn how in many cases you can stimulate hair growth, correct itching scalp, dandruff and other troubles that cause loss of hair. No obligaton . . . all free upon your request in plain wrapper . . . MAIL COUPON TODAY!

ALWIN, Dept. 1710, 75 Varick Street, New York

Please send advice on correcting hair troubles to

Name ....

Address ....

DEAR SAM:

I didn't bother to let you know that I had gone into your client's hair-tonic proposition. I have waited to see how the proposition came out—not that I had much in the way of doubt after listening to her in action.

We sold our formula today for twenty thousand dollars, less attorney's fees, which you didn't get, to the Hairwealth crowd. Your client never had any intention of going into the tonic business. She simply knew that the Hairwealth Company was having a tough time with their present product, because after it stood on the druggist's shelf for a few days the ingredients separated, so to speak, and the bottle was half liquid, half oily scum.

Being a wise old girl she didn't want to take her optional tonic to them until she could point to some important money behind her for stage setting. With my backing and a tonic with practically all of the Hairwealth ingredients, except that they didn't separate, she put the deal over.

But none of this is the real point of my letter. I just want to give you a little word of advice. The next time you write a letter of introduction for your client Mrs. Tate, just fill it with the usual pleasant patter. As a matter of fact, your letter as written aroused my interest and sympathy to the extent that I *wanted* to be helpful. It just made me *want* to throw a monkey wrench into your smug righteousness. Had you written the ordinary sort of thing, I don't think Mrs. Tate would have had a Chinaman's chance to interest me—and I wouldn't have the nice little profit I received this morning.

Yours for a better understanding of the human mind.

EVERETT RHODES CASTLE *started his business life as a reporter. He wanted to be an illustrator, but is now in the advertising business in Cleveland, O. Began writing for the national magazines in 1917. He has a wife, two boys, and an Irish setter. Likes a good game of golf and is fond of hunting.*

Promptly Mr. Croy received an answer to his little note. It was in Sam Crosby's best form. Jeptha Croy read it slowly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he murmured delightedly at the conclusion, and then he laughed until the tears ran down his apoplectic cheeks. Then he picked up the letter and read it again:

DEAR JEP:

How smart you big business men do get! And is my face red, as they say. So the letter aroused your interest and sympathy to the extent that you *wanted* to be helpful, did it? You break me down. So you wanted to throw a monkey wrench into my smug righteousness, did you? Well, go out and buy yourself a course in human understanding and see how you like it.

Sincerely, SAM.

PS. Why? Simply because that old She Wallingford dictated that letter herself!

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS** by John Bartlett. Tenth edition, revised and enlarged. Blue Ribbon Books, Inc.
The greatest book value of the year. One of the finest American reference works in the popular-priced Blue Ribbon edition.

★ ★ ★ **CAPTAIN NICHOLAS** by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
Captain Nicholas, a charming unscrupulous rogue, pays an unexpected visit to the happy comfortable home of his sister and her family. By his derision of their ideals he uproots their world and causes unhappiness but awakens them to realities.

★ ★ ★ **ENTER MURDERERS** by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
Eight exciting murders told with verve and skill. They will thrill you in spite of the frequent lack of authentic detail.

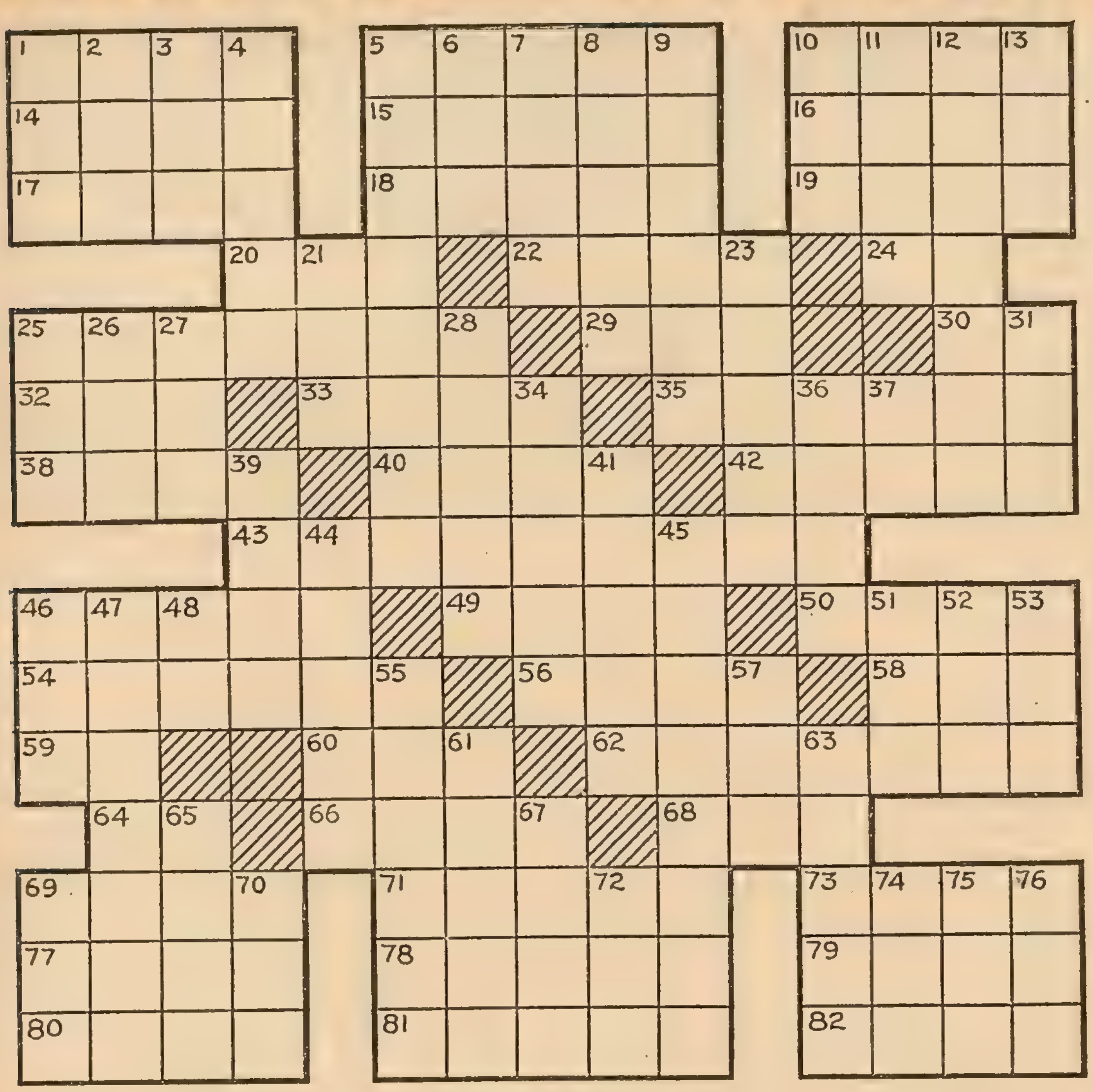
★ ★ ½ **THE CAT AND THE CURATE** by Charles Gilson. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Embarrassing experiences of a bashful young curate with Susan, a vampire, who appears on his sofa when his cat Susan disappears. Quick-moving and amusing fantasy.

★ ★ ½ **THE PEEL TRAIT** by Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton-Century Company.
The usual salty shrewd story of Cape Cod people by the old master Lincoln. Witty, twangy, and full of native spray.

★ ★ **EVEN SUCH IS TIME** by Doreen Wallace. The Macmillan Company.
The story of an English family and particularly of Benny Lee, born to the land, and of his route away from and back to it.

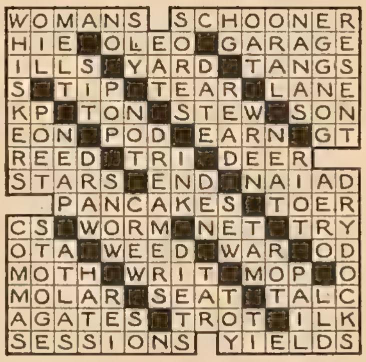
★ ★ **WOMAN ASTRIDE** by Nora Purtscher-Wydenbruck. D. Appleton-Century Company.
A female Anthony Adverse that never really comes off. The story of a woman who lives the life of a soldier with occasional feminine moments.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 The language of Cambodia
5 Pertaining to the planet Mars
10 A shallow utensil with raised edges
14 One of a tribe of Shoshonean Indians
15 To pucker
16 A cord of one inch or more in diameter
17 A separate article in an account
18 Fairies
19 A little, malignant sprite (plural)
20 Before
22 Surfeit
24 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
25 Preachers
29 And not
30 Over and in contact with
32 Winglike process
33 Amend and revise
35 To come back to life
38 One of the Philippine Islands
40 Arrow poison from an African plant
42 Furnished with rattan
43 Quality of being distinguished by sex
46 Guide
49 Distinguished performer
50 One of the faces of an object
54 A learned Brahman
56 A punctuation mark
58 A religious recluse



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I	L	L	S	■	Y	A	R	D	■	T	A	N	G	S
S	■	T	I	P	■	T	E	A	R	■	L	A	N	E
K	P	■	T	O	N	■	S	T	E	W	■	S	O	N
E	O	N	■	P	O	D	■	E	A	R	N	■	G	T
R	E	E	D	■	T	R	I	■	D	E	E	R		
S	T	A	R	S	■	E	N	D	■	N	A	I	A	D
		P	A	N	C	A	K	E	S	■	T	O	E	R
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O	T	A	■	W	E	E	D	■	W	A	R	■	O	D
M	O	T	H	■	W	R	I	T	■	M	O	P	■	O
M	O	L	A	R	■	S	E	A	T	■	T	A	L	C
A	G	A	T	E	S	■	T	R	O	T	■	I	L	K
S	E	S	S	I	O	N	S		Y	I	E	L	D	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

59 Exist
60 Epoch
62 Horses
64 Have existence
66 East Indian plant
68 Vessel for preserving ashes of the dead
69 Pertaining to an era
71 An orang
73 To capture
77 Telegraph (colloq.)
78 Tedium
79 Free from inequality
80 If the facts were different
81 Has the appearance of
82 Tear

VERTICAL

1 A letter of the Greek alphabet
2 Very warm
3 A primate
4 Mimics
5 Something added
6 To suffer remorse for
7 Deviates from the correct path
8 An inhabitant of the Far East
9 A king of Pylus (Greek mythology)
10 A prefix meaning three
11 A city in Italy
12 To sanction officially; ratify
13 An affirmative
21 A deer
23 Upstanding
25 Kind of moccasin
26 A beverage
27 Jewish title of respect
28 A cavity
31 Man's nickname
34 Mammillæ
36 Ballads
37 Into
39 Utilized
41 Puff up
44 American Indians
45 An Indian of one of the Five Nations
46 Mineral spring
47 Farmer's wagon
48 Printer's measure
51 Hostelry
52 Fitting
53 Being, in the most abstract sense
55 Figures of speech
57 Sound made by a domestic animal
61 Single
63 Bury
65 Part of the head (plural)
67 Woman's name
69 A sheep
70 Shelter
72 Plant exudation
74 Salutation
75 Faculty of perception
76 Termination

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ALWAYS *a keen, sharp blade. Continual shaving comfort—smoother and more satisfactory shaves.*

NEVER *a need for "extras." A continual saving of time, trouble—and expense.*

Here's the REASON

THE ROLLS RAZOR has a blade of finely tempered Sheffield steel. Stropped and honed in its case, durable and scientifically constructed, it is always set for a clean, close and comfortable shave. And remember, with proper care it should make your *first* cost your *last.*

Illustrated folder on request from Dept. 106

Lee & Schiffer, Inc.

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Approved by a million motorists as the safe, sure way to stay awake while driving. Nodoz Awakeners are tablets made of a pure vegetable concentrate under U. S. Pure Food & Drug Laws. Get 50-cent package at Drug Stores. Keep on hand and use freely to refresh your energy quickly when drowsiness hampers mental or physical activity. **Send 10 cents** for generous trial package and booklet.

SEND 10¢ for Trial

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Dealers' and Distributors' Inquiries Invited

TO THE LADIES!

by

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer,
and Authority on Fashion

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TO the plastic surgeon the young man said:

"I don't care what you do to my face—as long as you make me look different from my twin brother."

He was sick and tired, the young man explained, of playing second fiddle to his own counterpart. His twin brother always had been the family favorite. Dr. Josif Ginsburg, Hollywood's leading face fixer, talked the young man out of the operation—and incidentally talked himself out of a good fee.

I mentioned Dr. Ginsburg before in my notes from Hollywood. He is a distinguished medico, born in Russia, transplanted to this country after much experience abroad. Has specialized in facial surgery since the war. Learned it fixing up mutilated soldiers. He said:

"Ninety per cent of the patients who come to me now to have their faces changed are really dissatisfied with their lives. They want something cut out of their souls."

A California Jap asked Dr. Ginsburg to alter his almond eyes—make him appear Occidental. The doctor did it. A few months later the Jap came back and told the doctor that he wanted his face re-Orientalized. Said his own people wouldn't have anything to do with him.

PRINCESS
KROPOTKIN

Human tragedies are plentifully exposed in the consulting room of a plastic surgeon. A divorced lady wanted Dr. Ginsburg to make her beautiful again. "Not to win my husband back," she said. "Just to make him *give me the eye* when he sees me on the street."

An old laundress—too old for the hard work of scrubbing clothes—asked Dr. Ginsburg to beautify her. Told him she had a chance to get a job as an elevator operator if she were not so wrinkled. He took the wrinkles out—and charged her nothing.

Waiting for him in his office one day was a girl with a nose more *collosial* than Jimmy Durante's. But it wasn't her nose that bothered her. All she wanted was to have a tiny mole removed from her cheek!

"IT is doubtful," says Sir Harry McGowan, English critic of modern progress, "whether even today it is possible to obtain a better meal than could have been obtained a thousand years ago."

Tripe, Sir Harry, say I. Double tripe and triple tripe! I am afraid that in this matter the McGowan judgment has been cramped by English cooking.

No aspect of human progress shows an advance more widespread or more elevating than does our modernization of nourishment. None but the nobility ate decent food a thousand years ago. The rest of the people lived on cattle fodder. Even a hundred years ago—even for those who could afford the finest—there was no such variety of foodstuffs as is enjoyed today by any workingman's family. The roasted swans and stuffed boars' heads of medieval times were pretty coarse fare, though picturesque, and they came to table without benefit of refrigeration, so they needed highly spiced sauces—to kill their *real* taste. Fresh fish, fresh vegetables, fresh fruit were unknown in the winters of a thousand years ago.

A READER who lives in a provincial town has told me that she wants "an exciting idea for the ceiling of a small room used as a study."

Well, to begin with, I think such a room should be lively and stimulating. I have in mind the tiny office of a little hotel where I once stayed in Monte Carlo. Morning-glories were painted upon the corners of the ceiling, the leaves and flowers gracefully cascading a few feet down the walls. They made the room so vitalizing to the mind that I almost believe I could have done arithmetic there. (I can't do it anywhere else!)

But good Italian flower painters are hard to find in this country, particularly outside the big cities. The Greek notion—a lemon-yellow ceiling with white walls—is easier to achieve.

Or try a white paper with shaded blue dots on your ceiling, and use the same paper, shellacked, on your door panels. Have seen this done very effectively.

THE other day I watched a wise young female make smart use of adolescent awkwardness. Her years are less than twenty. She was sprawled on the floor, searching the bottom shelf of the bookcase for a lost book, when some men walked into the room and took her by surprise. Did she jump up, embarrassed? Did she try to be graceful? She didn't.

On the floor she remained consciously akimbo, well aware of the fact that hers is the only age privileged to appear attractive in grotesque positions.

No use preaching charm or poise to the very young. They don't need it.

WILLIS C. LAMOTT, veteran missionary, has written an excellent book about the Japanese. It is called Suzuki Looks at Japan. (Published by the Friendship Press.)

SEVEN new wonders of the Paris fashion world are these:

Return of the high Directoire waistline. . . . Short coats loosely made of ink-blue mole or lapin, lined with raspberry-colored homespun, and worn over a shirt-waist dress of the same homespun material. . . . Big gold belt buckles shaped like snails. . . . A cravat of chamois leather stitched with bright red at the edges and worn as a sport-suit accessory, with gloves to match. . . . Red buttons on white raincoats. . . . Belt and bracelet of red-lacquered straw to wear with a pale-gray dress. . . . Coral bracelet with a dangling ball watch set in coral.

Note the *dash of red* that features most of these novelties.

I want to thank all you Liberty readers for all you've done to make Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin such a success

Old Mr. Boston

Thousands of Liberty readers wrote in for our recipe book this Spring, and we just completed a check-up by mail and find that over 88% are using Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin and prefer it to all others. You Liberty readers who haven't got one of the books had better send for one right away. The supply is running low.

atest returns in Gin Popularity Poll among Liberty readers

BRAND OF GIN PREFERRED

OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN	88%
ALL OTHER BRANDS OF GIN COMBINED	12%

iberty readers answering our questionnaire reported trying, on an verage, two other brands of gin. Many took the trouble to say they referred Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin for restrained flavor, smoothness . . . etter mixing qualities . . . clear glass bottles . . . handy measuring cup. nother question showed that each user recommended Old Mr. oston to an average of five others.

OLD MR. BOSTON Dry Gin

"as smooth as old brandy"

BEN BURK, INC. *Distillers* BOSTON, MASS.

Modern Lady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Forbidden Love and the Turmoil of War's Farewells Bring New Depths of Emotion to a Vivid Novel of Today

by
GRACE PERKINS

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

IN 1910 Jane McAm, a frail red-haired girl, is the sole breadwinner of her family. Her father, Teddy, is a "lifer" in prison, having shot a man in a card game; her mother, Nell, is a cripple. There are two kid brothers, Dick and Toby, and a younger sister, Marion.

With the help of Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart, Jane sells a tract of sand owned by Tom Leeds, wealthy young clubman, and goes to work in Edgar Holloway's real estate office in New Rochelle. Rudy is engaged to Nina Norris, a beautiful society girl, but he clings to Jane as his pal. Leeds falls in love with Jane, but switches his devotion when he meets Marion.

Through Resolute Perry, a rich old jollier, both Nina and Marion get jobs in shows. Jane makes money in the real estate business, sends her mother to a hospital for treatment which cures her, and fits up a home for the family. Rudy rebels at Nina's stage career and appeals to Jane for advice. Marion tells Jane of a scandalous affair between Nina and Perry, and Jane tries to console Rudy; but his father, Dr. West, and sister, Abby, find them alone and cut her coldly.

Jane's success in Holloway's office arouses the jealousy of his wife, Stella, who places her son, Doug, in the office to work. Jane opens up her own real estate office with Trudy Link as her assistant, and Seth Percy taking desk space. She also launches steps to secure her father's parole from prison, and starts Dick in Yale.

Marion develops a mysterious illness, and Jane brings Dr. Hamilton Sheppard, a noted New York gynecologist, to treat her.

PART FIVE—"I'M A FOOL, RUDY"

ON the road out Jane told Dr. Sheppard about Marion. If he noticed tears on her cheeks as she talked, she didn't guess. The more she told the more she wanted to tell. Never could she remember having talked so, and the easement was more than she could, at the moment, bear.

He operated at what seemed to be dawn. Certainly he hadn't gone to bed that night. And neither had she. Once he took her to the floor kitchen and they had coffee together. He looked strange—unearthly—in white coat and baggy white trousers.

"I'm waiting for blood tests," he said, as if that explained why they had coffee together. "It's a tumor."

"Oh! Then all those doctors were wrong?"

He stared at her and her questioning eyes dropped.

"Thank you," she said huskily.

There was a long silence and each drank coffee with special intentness. He seemed poising to tell her something.

"I'll have a talk with the young man," he offered at length. "Explain that it's a tumor. And that of course she'll never bear a child."

Again Jane's eyes dropped.

"That hardly seems fair," she began slowly.

"You didn't ask me to be fair. A month from now my duty would be to him as her husband. I'd tell him everything, of course.

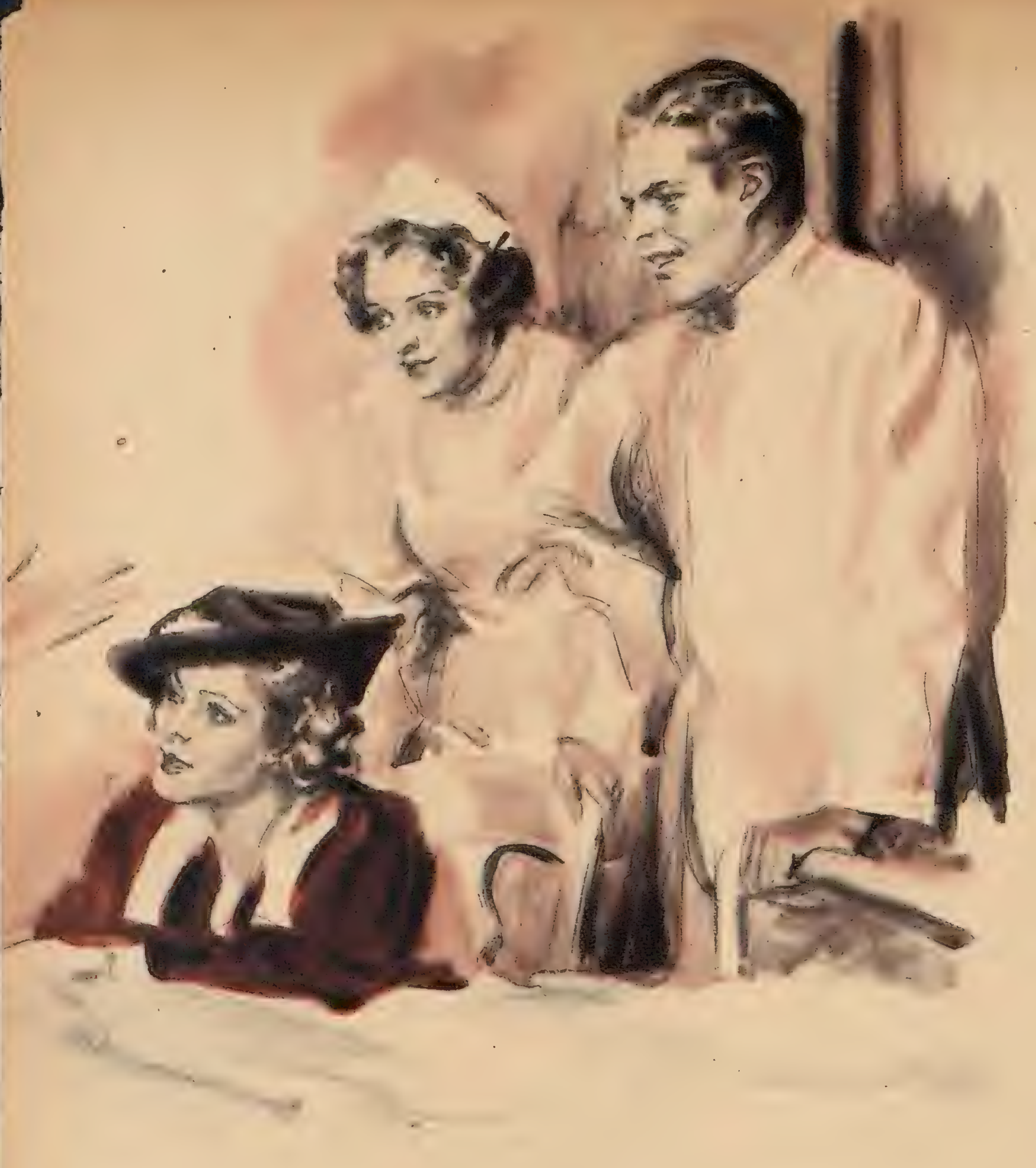
"Now I shall tell him there can be no issue. If he wishes to marry her despite that, that's his problem. I'm telling him the effect if not the cause."

"Perhaps she'll tell him herself."

"She won't because she won't know. If it's a tumor to any one it's a tumor to every one. Is that understood?"

She nodded. She wanted to tell him he was good and kind. She wanted to thank him. But she couldn't find words.

Jane went home, told the family, and crept into bed, to



Jane stayed late at the hospital that night, for Ham seemed more himself, thrilling the internes and nurses by his demand for a highball.

drink the good hot tea and rum Cosima had ready. In three hours she was awake and at the office, phoning the hospital regularly. At five she was at the hospital to find Dr. Sheppard at the bedside when she got there.

He seemed unreasonably happy. The patient was fevered and miserable. But evidently the case was successful.

Hesitantly she asked him to dinner, and was pleased when he accepted. Cosima, ever the matchmaker, hovered near him, and brimmed over with pleasure when he talked Italian to her.

THEY saw each other a little too often. He sought her out, waylaid her, asking, without words, for companionship. With telltale promptness he let Jane know that he was married. Gradually one gathered his wife was a pitifully scarred one-armed wreck due to an accident. He had been drinking when he had raced an ice boat at one of the winter carnivals in Banff. He had insisted, against her protested fears, that she come with him.

Later still he took Jane to meet Adele. Jane's heart had swooned, and she fought for a reason why the wretched discolored and maimed woman had to live. With a religious mania Adele spent her time writing fervent letters to adherents of some obscure esoteric group who looked upon her as a minor leader. Her large heavy-handed apartment was a meeting place for fellow believers, and in this work Adele found relief and comfort.

Because her heart still belonged to the memories of Rudy, Jane was comfortable in the companionship of a man who could not by the rules of the game expect more than friendship, and he in turn seemed relieved in the enjoyment of a girl who made no demands of more personal equation. But as time passed the attraction that first drew them together burned through the comfortable myth, and while they never spoke of love, save for an occasional word of endearment, they knew—and were both afraid and glad. She hung his picture over her desk and introduced the photograph of the bearded Rudy.

"WELL, Rudy, and how do you like that? I think I'm in love. Really in love, see? And somebody really loves me in return. I'm a fool, Rudy—first love a man that doesn't love me; then love a man who *can't* love me. A fool in everything but business."

They were coming home from the theater one night and were held in traffic by a fire in the Sixties and Lexington Avenue. It happened that they passed the place a week later on their way to luncheon and stood viewing the charred smutty wreck of four private houses. The fifth in line was only partially damaged.

"I bet," she cut in on the doctor's ejaculations of pity, "that that house could be snapped up cheap."

For three days she bargained. Then excitedly she told Ham.

"Eleven thousand, cash, as is!" she exulted. "Of course I bought it. Know anybody that wants a bargain? Some day that twenty-five-foot front may be assessed at—oh, seventy-five thousand. Everybody says things are moving uptown and east. The house next door to it is assessed right now at thirty-four thousand. This one can be fixed up easily, bit by bit."

He leaned back and crumbled bread.

"Jane, all my life I promised my mother a house. Do you suppose—I could swing it?"

They went together the next day. She signed the papers and then resold the house to him, retaining a fifty-per-cent mortgage.

They had fun, the famous surgeon and Jane, fixing up the place, and Jane caught her first dreadful fever of city real estate. It had a pace and a glamour about it that got into her blood. And together they mooned about New York while she prattled her newly learned information in a voice that thrilled him with its enthusiasm.

"I want to eat at Fraunces' Tavern and see the room where Washington took farewell of his officers," she said on one of these expeditions.

"You're not going to keep me out late, sweet. I have seven operations in the morning."

His voice sounded tired. In the drizzle of rain, in the splotchy lights of traffic and stores, she smiled up at him. And that granite profile started a dull ache in her heart.

"Jane," he said and moved close to her, "I love you. You know it, don't you?"

She nodded. Her eyes filled with quick tears.

"I—I—" She struggled to tell him.

But he shook his head, caught at her arm, and called a passing cab. Inside he busied himself lighting cigarettes. As he handed her one, the cab lurched around a corner, and in that second Ham Sheppard was thrown hard against her, his cheek somehow against hers, his hat knocked off. Before she realized it she was kissing his face and was whispering his name. She felt his arms about her, strong, possessive. His lips were on her mouth. She was terrified and ashamed that her lips sought his.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, though she held him close.

Reluctantly, almost weakly, his arms left her. He sat up. He bent over for his hat.

"Jane!"

His voice reached her. She leaned back and put her head against the taxi cushion. She tried to follow his words, for his voice had that quality that commanded concentration and hinted danger.

"Jane dear . . . you must listen. . . . I'm going to leave you . . . not see each other again . . . not fair to you, and I've told myself a thousand times. You understand?"

She nodded because he seemed to demand agreement. Her body was alive. Her mouth stinging. She gazed at him, and lost track of his words in the shock of seeing him. The heavy furry black eyebrows. The derby at a tilt over sleek but sparse black hair. He was a man, with man's hands and man's mouth and man's voice. Not a boy like Rudy. He was man itself. All that man meant. All that life meant. He was why women have that must-have, must-own, it's-mine look.

She heard him knock against the glass pane, calling the attention of the driver.

"Don't—don't go!" she cried sharply.

"Don't talk like that," he whispered. "You don't know. You'd hate me, Jane. I'd hate myself."

"Why? Why? Why?"

"Because you don't know what you're talking about." His voice was suddenly harsh and unpleasant. "If you did it would be different."

The taxi came to a screeching halt. Almost instantly he opened the door and stepped out.

She heard him speak to the driver. Saw him smile and lift his hat. Her cab howled off.

SHE was crying. Still trembling and crying when the cab whined up to a curbing.

"He paid yer fare," the driver told her.

Fraunces' Tavern . . . where Washington took farewell of his officers . . . farewell . . .

"I want to go home," she said through teeth tightly clenched. "I feel sick. New Rochelle. Please."

Leaning back, Jane tried to quiet herself. She felt scared. Humiliated. How could a man suddenly leave you feeling all those things? Leaving you a volcano only half erupted and seething with the thick hot pulse of its own ache?

She reached home to find the family waiting for her white-faced. Phone calls and telegrams had convinced them that what seemed impossible was true. Dick was in jail! Dick, it seemed, was in jail for stealing a car. Dick had been drunk when he stole the car. As a consequence, any number of charges were preferred against Dick McAm. A number of Dick's Yale friends had phoned and explained that there was no harm in the whole thing. Dick had been in a playful mood, that's all.

Trudy mercifully appeared at the doorway with tickets for New Haven in her hand, and the car ready to drive Jane back to New York.

"Miss McAm. You might as well know. Your brother hit an old lady. The name of her hospital—"

Too overcome for further words, Trudy Link handed Jane the tickets to which was clipped a memo telling Dick's jail, the names of the police there, the old lady's hospital, and the fact that "Mrs. Jonathan Finnity, age 82, lives 431 East Round Street, rooming house; bruises about shoulders and hip. Three stitches in hip."

Dr. Sheppard was at Grand Central Station to meet her when she came back. Over luncheon they talked. She was almost a thousand dollars poorer, it being her habit to settle all cases before they hit a law court. And Dick, she added, was a sadder but a wiser boy.

"Maybe," said Ham grimly. "You think you're good to Dick. You're making a bum out of him—by being too good to him. You're ruining every member of your family, whether you like to hear it or not. And it's all pride. All pride with you. You just love your burdens and won't share them with any one. You—"

HE glanced up, aware of a quick movement, and realized that he had been talking to his wineglass and not to a regal redhead who was now squirming her way into a thick seal coat.

"I'll meet you in the lobby." She smiled her glorious smile but her eyes were poisonous.

She was not in the lobby when he had paid the check and hastened there. He did not see her or talk to her for days.

In a growing dissatisfaction that soaked through her days, Jane had an unreasoning desire to get away.

But she was not capable of a holiday; not capable of acting without a purpose. So she bethought herself of the endless promise to go see her father. She took the train to Chicago. From there she motored.

Having braced herself for shock, the sight of her father filled her with gratitude to the web mankind wove called government.

Her father was full of spirit. He lived on the hope embodied in the briefcase of papers Jane had with her—petitions, pleas, letters that would some day set him free.

Into her hands, with due permission of the warden, he put a box of paper. Hundreds of sheets of scratch-pad paper closely lined with his stiff printlike writing.

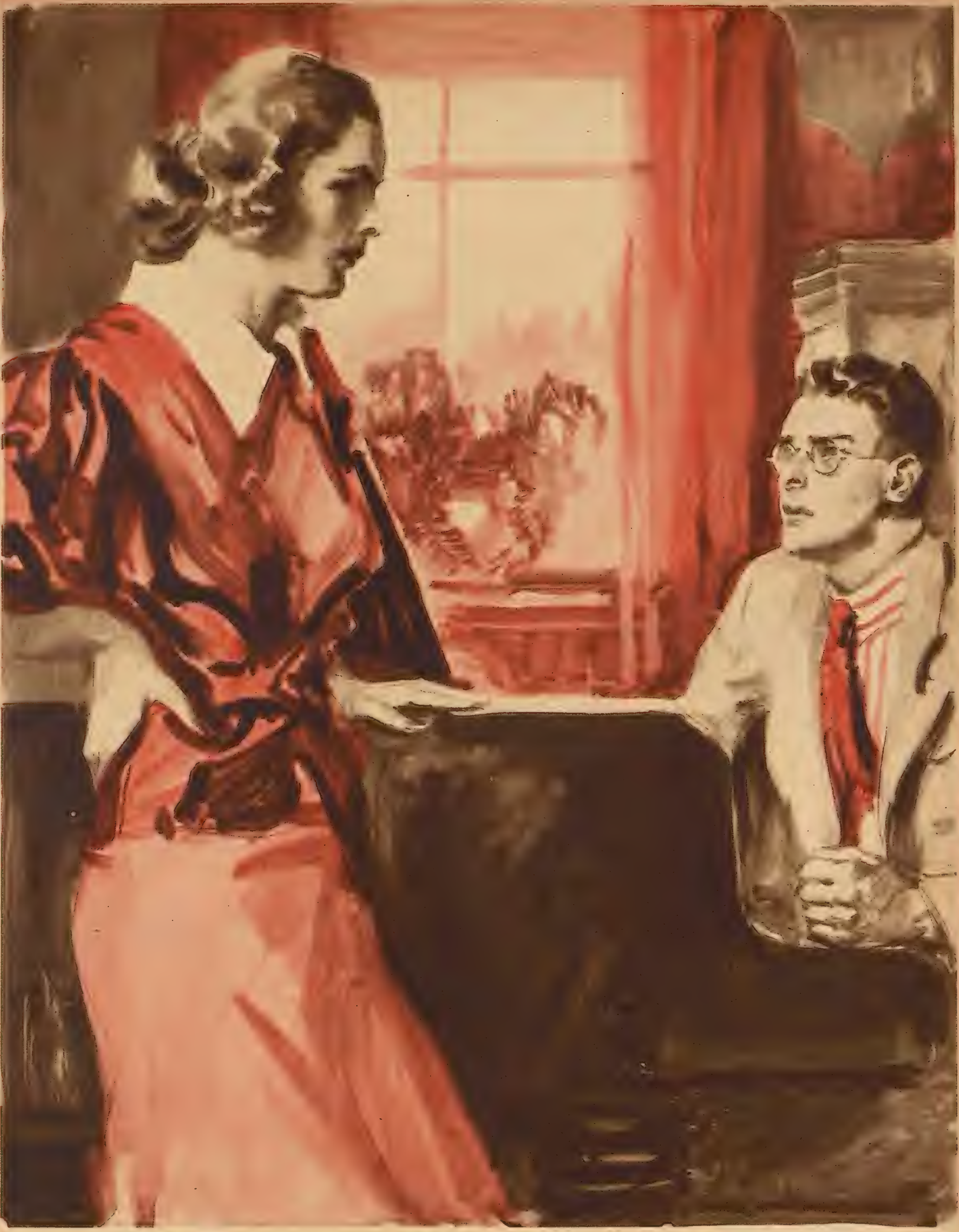
"I know my name on it would hurt you and your reputation," he had said, his arm about her shoulder. "So I signed it with my number. But if any publisher would read it, I'd almost let him have it for nothing. Because the world ought to know."

She read the manuscript traveling back home. And didn't believe. He might be right in saying the army should handle the prisons, particularly the prisons for hardened criminals. Yes, prisons a national thing; run by army men. He's probably right in saying all convicts should be sent to war. All convicts should be allowed, forced, to earn; and their earnings pay back pro rata, in proportion to their powers to earn, the wrong or loss done to the neighbor their crimes had hurt.

Home, she told the family of her visit and gave them the manuscript. Immediately the household was in an uproar of indignation. Surely father must know that they were established now; that the number would be traced by any good reporter; that the papers would be filled with stories of their father in prison!

Jane tried not to think the family cheap and selfish. She tried to be glad of their showing practicality for once. She tucked the manuscript away, writing to her father that it was a wonderful work and he must finish it. No one in the family mentioned the manuscript, yet she had a feeling that they prowled with the hope of finding and destroying it.

In a few months Marion was married, signing her name as Mrs. Clarence Roberts. It seemed no time before a veil of rank discontent spread slowly but thickly over Marion's pretty features. She silently resented household routine, the friends and relatives of her slick quiet young husband. Yet there was a strange I-made-my-bed



He peered at her. "You run our lives — make us live your way — because you pay the bills. But we have a right to our own mistakes. Our own sins."

K.O.'D BEFORE HE LEFT HIS CORNER!

STAGE-FRIGHT? No, sir. Dirty work in the dressing room? No, sir. Two or three whiffs of that over-stale pipe and heavyweight tobacco did what fifty-seven opponents couldn't do . . . floored him!

A good pipe, like a good athlete, should be kept in good condition. A few moments' daily exercise with a pipe cleaner and a steady diet of mild, gentle Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco will keep any man's briar right in the very pink. We think we've found a milder combination of fragrant Kentucky Burleys. We think we've discovered a cooler, slower-burning blend. A large and growing army of contented pipe-smokers think so, too. Try one tin of Sir Walter and see what *you* think!

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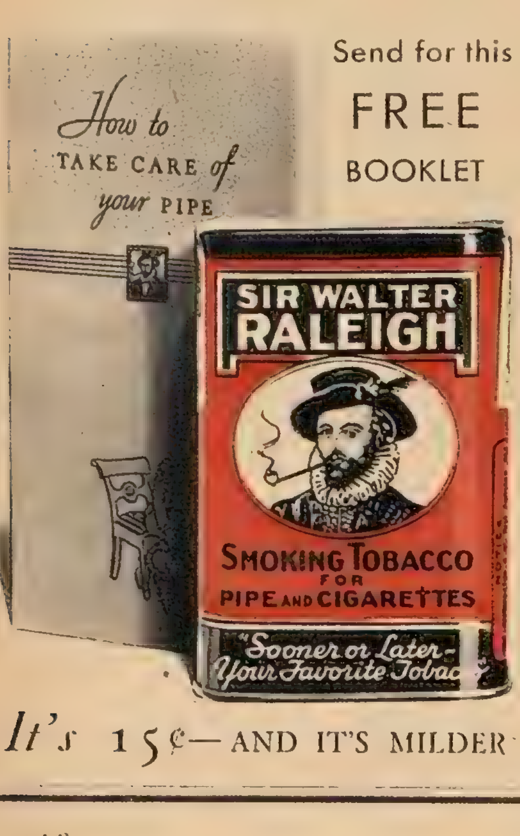

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

loyalty in her that grew like a hysteria.

Nell McAm was a little lost without Marion. Jane meant to find time to give her mother some substitute companionship, but Ham Sheppard was ill, and because he thought he needed her she shuttled back and forth between her office and his hospital, where in the heat of the late summer he began to climb out of a mastoid operation. He was an impatient, snappy invalid, holding her hand and storming long and listlessly against the world and its ways.

Jane knew her dangerous attraction to Ham Sheppard was causing her restlessness. She wished her family offered a balancing distraction. But Dick and the actions of his knot of friends appalled her.

Toby, quiet, nearsighted, hating crowds, hating noise, scared by girls of his own age, had lately taken a violent attachment to a youngish widow, one Mrs. Harry Newton, who delighted in the nickname "Fig."

One day Jane beamingly approached him with an opening in an investment house.

"About as smooth a job as you could ask for." She winked knowingly. "Handmade, Toby. Johnson's a good friend of mine and he'll give you a good start. He expects you in tomorrow at nine."

Jane stayed late at the hospital that night, for Ham seemed more himself, thrilling the internes and nurses by his demand for a highball. Presently it seemed too late and too hot to hurry home, so she stayed overnight with his mother, sleeping in Ham's room, his diploma over her head, and the delicate adolescent face of Adele as she once was on the wall opposite her. . . . She must go up and see Adele in her darkish meetinghouse apartment and talk with her.

Early she rose and was glad of the drive out to her office. Noon brought a phone call that filled her bones with anger. Johnson called to ask where Toby might be?

JANE phoned home and Cosima reported that Toby had left the house not ten minutes before. Said he was going out into the country and would probably be at Mrs. Newton's for dinner.

Nobody, Jane sobbed dryly, had a family as worthless as her own. Ham was right.

At five twenty Tom Leeds walked in.

"I have a beast of a headache, Tom," she began. "I can't bear a date tonight."

"You must," he shrugged. "It's very important. And I'm not apt to bother you again in a long while."

They had dinner at a roadhouse where they had first dined together. Violets, white and purple, in a bowl between them. Champagne.

This war had got on his nerves. Got under his skin. The Lusitania. . . . So he had enlisted and was going over with a Canadian outfit. His daughter Mary was in boarding school, visited frequently by his wife's people. No one needed him. He'd be leaving in twenty-four hours.

They drove to his home and she helped him pack. They called up many friends, invited all his buddies over. The house began to fill up. Some one dropped a tray of glasses. Some one sat at the organ and the pipes embedded in the walls of the great house breathed forth Kiss Me Again. "Kiss me—kiss me—again!"

Jane trembled and felt for the new-fangled wrist watch Seth Percy had given her at Christmas. Almost four in the morning. She hunted out her wraps and sought for Tom. He seemed gone from his own party. Out in the chipped coolness of semidawn she squinted down the driveway and picked out her own car.

SHE heard laughter. Soft, silly laughter and a man's voice in hushed protest. Her hands grasped the steering wheel and she leaned forward. Under the red-and-brown elm that fluttered its aging leaves stood two figures. Tom and Marion. Their lips so pressed that one face melted into the other.

Jane waited, watching them and hating herself for watching them, until they went into the great house. Had she herself phoned Marion, or had Tom phoned her to join the party? She could not remember. Was Clarence here, and did he guess that his wife and Tom . . . All these years that Tom said he loved Jane and begged her repeatedly to marry him. Had he loved her or hadn't he? Always these years he had seemed politely supercilious to Marion, and Marion had bitingly belittled the playboy Tom . . .

She sighed and started her motor. No use trying to understand. No use figuring them out—any of them.

She never spoke of that night to Marion. What was the use of speaking of it?

When Toby knocked at her door she felt no anger at sight of his apologetic eyes and his slumpy walk.

"I've called your office over and over, Jane, and you wouldn't speak to me. I'm miserably sorry about the other day. I—you won't believe me—but I completely forgot the appointment. I was working out a theme," he said, as if to himself.

"An essay?"

"Oh, no." He shifted restlessly. "No. Music."

Her telephone rang, and when she had finished talking, Toby had gone and his piano was resounding through the house. She sat considering him as the clusters of ripe notes seeped through the walls to her room. She sighed. Yet it was a shame not to know him better. To love him so and not really know him. None of them tried to know her. Nobody in the house ever thought to ask about her work, and a look of patient waiting crossed their faces when she began to talk of a deal or a new car line or a widening of highways.

Still, she could offer the interest she longed for. She went upstairs and knocked at Toby's door. Timidly she asked about his "composition," bewildered by his slow-growing eagerness to talk. He quoted long passages of poetry while she stirred restlessly. Poetry. Music. In either field there wasn't one half of one per cent of success.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly."

"Lovely," she murmured and meant it.

"I'm trying to set it to music. It cries for music—doesn't it?"

"It does, Toby. Did you write it, dear?"

His hands dropped to his side and his eyes became muddy with disbelief.

"Great grief!" he exploded. "How can you be so ignorant, Jane? Did I write it! Heavens! Shakespeare wrote it!"

"Oh," she murmured.

"Don't you ever read anything but histories of New York City and environs? Doesn't your soul ever starve for nourishment? Do you ever guess there is a whole world set apart that you never peek into? Of course you don't. Never, never have I seen in you one single sign of the world of beauty!"

He was thumping one treble note over and over with his second finger. "If you don't let up on me, I'm going to leave this house. I'm going to marry Mrs. Newton if she'll have me. And she'll have me."

"That's a lovely solution of *all* your problems, Toby."

"Be as sarcastic as you like." He peered at her through his thick bullish glasses. "When I was a kid and wanted to study music you called it sissy—and I let you! You know damn' well none of us is any good. Not one of us. And what do you do? You tighten the reins and run our lives—make us live your way—because you pay the bills. It may be a good way to live—for you. But we have a right to our own mistakes. Our own sins."

"You have when you can afford them!" she snapped.

"God provided the poor with sins." He laughed and threw up his hands. "Oh, drop it. You don't understand and never will. You want me to go to work. Sell bonds. Make money. You pity me for my music and my writing. You think I'm a loafer. You laugh to yourself. You have no idea! No idea that I work harder at what I love to do than any member of this family—than any person you know. And I've been working for years! Only to you it isn't work."

Ham Sheppard, free from the hospital that day, was the only one to whom Jane confided about the coming marriage of Mrs. Harry "Fig" Newton and her brother Toby.

She came home to find a completely crushed Toby. A Toby with punished eyes; a Toby with part of his soul's faith amputated by a letter. Mrs. Harry Newton was running off to marry Joe Armata, the sculptor.

Toby, his piano untouched for weeks, went up to Yale with Dick.

Jane, with the brother faces haunting her, pitched headlong into the Presidential campaign. He kept us out of war. Vote for Wilson. Ah, women's clubs could work, and wives and mothers and sisters and fiancées could cry out Vote for Wilson, he kept us out of war. He Kept Us OUT of War!

And one could drive up to New Haven for football games and watch Dick make a touchdown with a light heart.

Nina Norris was in the movies. Out in Hollywood, married to Resolute Perry. How Marion envied her, and how thrilled she was to entertain her when Nina came East at Christmas time.

Jane was too late to see Nina at the tea Marion gave in her home. But she dropped in later to hear the gossip. Ham was there too—a special effort on his part.

Ham thought Nina was glorious too. He drove Jane to a roadside dinner and talked about Nina until Jane could scream. Then, unable to scream, she became moody and self-deprecating. There, said Ham over a handsome rare steak, was a woman with a real career. The career of being beautiful. Of making all men and women realize what her sex and her beauty meant. It took money and time to be that kind of woman? Ah, but then women should demand the money and time. All women should be as exquisite, as sinuous, as graceful, as soft-tongued, as melting-eyed, as luxuriant as Nina Norris—all women to their own degree. It was woman's job, and Nina Norris had specialized in a woman's job. No wonder they paid her such a salary. The world would hock its shirt for an exciting and exquisite woman.

"Ham, darling, now that you've met her, why don't you call her up and so forth? She'll make a date with any one."

He smiled and offered her a cigarette.

"Jane, I'm glad I can rile you."

"Well, I'm a fool to get sore. Any other actress I could discuss. I happen to know Nina Norris. I happen to know the boy she kicked downstairs. And the rich man she lived with and caused a scandal and a divorce over. And then married him and beat her way to the top with his money."

"Ah! A brave woman. She's not afraid of sex, of love, of passion, call it what you will. You are. You'd eat yourself up with recriminations if you sinned against your own code."

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Do not stick to stocking. Worn invisibly.
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"Are you flattering me?" Jane smiled bitterly. "Perhaps you forget that night—in the taxi—I was as tempted as any weakling. I wanted love. You were the strong one. I was sorry you left me."

He looked up from under his furry brows.

"I haven't forgotten." His tone was clinical. "You were sorry I walked out on the party. If I hadn't you'd have been sorrier and you'd still sorrow. That's you, Jane. You're what is known as a good woman. A good woman suffers not only regrets but remorse. Regrets are preferable."

"I admit," she said wearily, "that Nina has the ticket. You're right. Only, I'd rather be myself, I think. I imagine I sleep better."

He laughed abruptly and she flushed. It was not the day of blatant wise crack, but she realized his construction of her last phrase. They drove home slowly in the moonlight.

It was late, and the household had gone to bed. Quietly she climbed the stairs. As she turned on her own lights she gazed about with comfort. What she had made for herself, with no man to thank! Was that what they resented? Hell, they resented the gold diggers too. They raged against women who ran up bills. But they hated the woman who could pay her own bills even more.

She glanced up at the old picture of a young Rudy. Would *you* feel that way? You always resented Nina's career. That was what really separated you two. Would you resent my success—or be proud of me? Ah, why think of Rudy—in Alaska?

Propped against her mirror was a telegram. Thoughtfully she tore it open. Telegrams were commonplaces in her life, so she was unprepared for the shock.

AS ATTORNEYS FOR THOMAS AUGUSTUS LEEDS WE WISH TO INFORM YOU AS PER INSTRUCTIONS THAT OUR CLIENT WAS KILLED IN ACTION NOVEMBER 4 1916 STOP IN SUCH EVENT HE WISHED US TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU IMMEDIATELY STOP WILL YOU KINDLY CALL AT OUR OFFICE AT YOUR CONVENIENCE

CHARLES BUCKRAM
HENNESSEY BUCKRAM AND STONE

So Tom, who never scrapped with any one, was gone! And Marion wept hysterically and lost her appetite and quarreled with Clarence and urged him to enlist, and never, never spoke Tom's name, except for one bitter outburst which haunted Jane the rest of her days.

"You!" Marion's tearful tone was needled with contempt. "You were the one who made him unhappy. He adored—he worshiped you as I adored and worshiped him. You never stopped to give him a moment's happiness. And when he was filled with frustration because of you he'd turn to me—as second best. As the nearest he could come to you!"

NOW Tom was dead, and Jane was to sell off his property. The bulk of it was left to his little daughter Mary, of course, with Jane named as guardian. To Jane the attorneys handed a sealed letter.

Jane, my dear, if anything should happen to me, will you be to my little girl what you are to your brothers and sisters? I think you brought them up very badly, but you gave them a great deal of love. I think that counts more than training. In fact I think it's all that counts.

TOM.

The chorus-girl wife of Tom Leeds rose up from her long-ago grave and in the form of her parents fought Jane in court. A long and stupid fight which left little Mary, by her own choice, with her maternal grandparents and gave Jane a godmother guardianship. Jane, knowing that Tom had never cared for the vaudevillians who so endeared themselves to his little girl, would have fought more strenuously at any other date. But with the shock of long-expected pain, diplomatic relations were severed and the country was delirious with rising temperature of war hysteria.

War!

Where was Rudy now?

War. And Hamilton Sheppard went down to Washington. Why? Doug Holloway had enlisted. At luncheon she saw Edgar and felt sorry. She told him so. "It's tough, Edgar." His double chin went up indignantly and his thick white eyelashes clamped down on fiery eyes. "Tough, is it? I'm proud. Proud to send my son, and only wish to God they'd see fit to take me."

"Pipe down, Edgar, she's a sentimental female. Women are that way."

"Women shouldn't be that way!" roared Edgar. "We need them to encourage us, to send us off with a smile." . . .

Into Jane's office came a large quiet woman with an air of living in the past. Jane, startled, recognized Rudy's sister.

"Abby West!"

Abby, it seemed, had often thought of Jane and meant to get in touch with her.

"No doubt you know father has been with Columbia the last two years. We've lived right near the university in a little apartment, and came out home here only occasionally.

"We are clearing out the house. Yes, I want you to sell it for us."

JANE drank her chocolate carefully. West Wind, that had been in Rudy's family before New Rochelle was a city—to be sold!

"Yes, it's a shame," Abby repeated dully. "But father can't use it, and we feel we have no right to hold such a luxury when so many are suffering."

"Please, Abby," Jane could no longer keep silent, "where's Rudy?"

"In a hospital in France. Diphtheria. He went over early—a special detachment of engineers. He'll be all right, I'm sure."

"Of course he will." She summoned all her strength. She felt dreadfully nauseated. "Don't cry, Abby. A man like Rudy who's been in China and Alaska and South America? Gosh, he'll come through."

"That's what father says. Father's gone to Washington. I'm to join him. Dollar-a-year man. He's very, very proud of it. But if you should be down in Washington, Jane—"

Jane began taking down information about the house. Anything to keep Abby. To hear perhaps another word about Rudy.

"When you write Rudy give him my love," she managed finally.

"Yes. Oh, yes, I will. I wonder if he'll remember you?"

Evidently he had never mentioned her, or Abby wouldn't have said that. Ah, well! Rudy in the hospital with diphtheria. Tom dead. It wasn't right. Maybe I'm unpatriotic. I don't care. It isn't right.

Out of Plattsburg and into separate camps two young second lieuys, Dick and Toby. Special boots at forty dollars a pair. His handsome overcoat at one hundred and seventy-five dollars. This is Dick, my brother. Camp Upton, yes. He knows the funniest army songs. He got eight chocolate cakes in the mail last week.

Who's spoiling now? thought Jane bitterly. Every woman alive. Admiring, petting, flattering, giving, making, doing for the boys. Dancing with strangers, writing to strangers, boasting how many uniforms come calling. All barriers down. God bless our boys. Love affairs. Quick weddings. Secret marriages. War babies. War brides. Give till it hurts.

Abby, wiring from Washington, urged haste in selling West Wind. Jane drove over there one rainy afternoon with the first possible client.

Two Southerners, cotton exchange, up here from New Orleans.

She returned with a grim weariness.

"I lost the clients," she told Trudy with a stiff smile. "But the house is sold. I'm the buyer. Make out the papers in your own name and give me a transfer. And if anybody hears I bought it it will be because you told them. Take these keys and bury them, will you, Trudy? If you don't I'll be going up there, mooning away my time. Get the house shuttered up. And think of a good explanation to write to Miss West. Not that I guess she cares, if she gets the money. And if I should, by any chance, get tight tonight, don't look daggers at me in the morning."

"Oh, you needn't come in in the morning, Miss McAm. It's Sunday tomorrow."

At home that night she found a postal card marked "Love and kisses." No name, no address. A simple penny postcard. Dick's handwriting. The sign they had devised by which he would advise her that he was going over. No one was to know what ship or when the hour of sailing.

The offices were empty. Good-by, I wish you luck. Good-by. God bless you. But your job will be here for you when you come back. Oh, yes, boys, your jobs will all be here for you when you come back.

Good-by to the pudgy, effervescent back-slapping Seth Percy. An older, catarrhal, cantankerous man buying up his brokerage office and running up the business in his absence. With death staring the world in the face, it wasn't hard to sell insurance. Good-by, Seth, it will seem strange without you.

HAM'S mother came alive. White-haired, ninety pounds, she was a splendid figure in any hysterical patriotic gathering. "I was a Red Cross nurse at San Juan Hill. My husband died by the side of Teddy Roosevelt. My son is a captain now. I gave my husband to my country. I'm proud to give my son now."

You fool! cried Jane to herself. You unspeakable fool! You crazy old hag! How can you sleep at night and say those things? Why are you proud to send your son? Why? He's a great doctor, a great surgeon, a great brain. Where in God's name are you sending him?

"Oh, Ham, I'm so afraid. So afraid every day when I read the list. So afraid every time the phone rings, or a telegram comes.

"Tom was killed. How long have any of you to live?"

His kisses comforted her and she pressed her face close to his fine khaki whipcord.

"I love you, Jane. I can't help it if I have no right to say it."

"I love you too, Ham. Very dearly."

"I know you do. But I've often wondered if you just didn't love me enough, or if you weren't capable of loving me enough. Which is it, Jane?"

"Neither. Just scared, I guess."

"Of me or of love?"

"Of myself."

"I am so murderously sick of crowds," he half whispered. "I have only tonight. Can't we—Jane, can't we have tonight?"

He had only tonight. She might never see him again. She might hear of him killed in action. Forty-one and a man with a full life to live. He loves me. He may be dead in no time. It was a matter of weeks with Tom . . .

War—and the world gone crazy! Women urging their loved ones off to be killed! Men dashing into the jaws of death bravely, heedlessly! Casualty lists in the newspapers! Telegrams burdened with little but woe! One man who loved her has been killed in action. Another is in a French hospital, and a third, before he goes, is begging for "only tonight" with her. Jane faces a new crisis in next week's installment—an acid test of her true love.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—New York, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont all border on the Province of Quebec.

2—Shakespeare, in The Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Scene 1.

3—Calmness amid circumstances of embarrassment or danger.

4—Dying without having made a valid will.

5—The native Polynesians of New Zealand.

6—The final unraveling of the plot; that part of a play or story in which the mystery is cleared up.

7—A small three- or four-legged table used for serving tea.

8—A ball batted over the infield too far for an infielder to catch it and not far enough for any outfielder to get under it.

9—An emigrant is a person who leaves his native country to settle in a foreign land. An immigrant is a foreigner who enters another country to live there permanently.

10—President Warren G. Harding; in Vancouver, British Columbia; in commemoration of his visit shortly before his death at San Francisco in 1923.

11—A lucky or an auspicious day, so called because in the old liturgical books the greater holy days were always marked with red letters.

12—From the Indians, who called it Quinninippiohke, meaning "Long Place of Water."

13—In the army in 1861, and in the navy in 1850.

14—It is a nickname given to their burros, or donkeys, by the prospectors and miners of the West.

15—According to the 1930 census, 3,791,781.

16—Lying round about; inclosing; encompassing.

17—Shakespeare, in As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 1.

18—Approximately one thirteenth of the weight of his body, or from twelve to fifteen pounds.

19—Master, lord, or gentleman.

20—In South Africa stringent laws regulate the buying of uncut diamonds. Those violating them are called "Illicit Diamond Buyers," hence the abbreviation.

HOLLYWOOD GOES MIDWEST !

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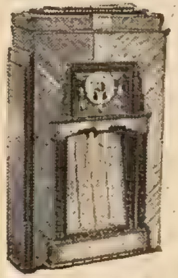
50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES



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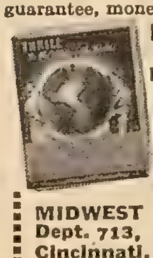

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Vox

LET IT BE ON THE SIDE OF MERCY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the imaginary art gallery of the years a canvas of The Criminal hangs suspended. It is an old resident, this thing in paint. Countless thousands have studied and wondered about this composite canvas; many millions have gazed upon it, to depart, in most instances, understanding it not at all.

The Criminal is a painting across which Time has blown with the coloring matter of multiple customs, with the sweep of many decades in its high lights and shadows. The tones and lines which seem to explain today's predaciousness are promptly blasted by the machinations of tomorrow's episode.

The Criminal portrait is not the work of one great artist, but the doleful, the merry contribution of innumerable artists and artisans. The brushes that for ages were busily engaged completing this painting plunged deeply into the pigments of tragedy and mirth, with the pendulum swinging equally as far in either direction to immortalize the presentation.

Memorable men of letters since Euripides and Defoe have tried to fashion a fitting explication, but they have failed; for time and circumstance had so packed this dynamic painting with the wiles of a headlong world that the task of plain portrayal was too great for even the outstanding pedagogy.

Crime being the violation of a community altruism, The Criminal picture must of necessity be made up of contravening actions of kings as well as the proscribed plundering of peasants; too, it is composed of the peculations of public officials as well as the predaciousness of plebeians.

Perhaps at some future date, when the myriad tones, high lights, and shadows are truly comprehended, the picture of The Criminal will swing in a more desirable place in the fancied art gallery of the world. Until that time let us be a little less opinionated; and if we are to err, let it be on the side of mercy, favoring those at whom we willy-nilly throw our stones.—*Neil McConlogue.*

MORE SPEED, LESS WASH

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—Apparently Nard Jones, author of Sand House in August 25 Liberty, hasn't much knowledge of outboard racing hydroplanes. An outboard hydroplane creates much less wash at high speed than it does when running moderately slowly. No outboard expert would ever testify in court the way Jones would have him.—*William J. Patterson.*

WIFE THREATENS TO SUE, HUSBAND OBJECTS

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—My wife has threatened to sue me for a divorce on the ground that I have gone nutty over cross word puzzles. Sometimes I wonder if her claims aren't well founded. Just when I came to realize that it took brains to work them, Liberty came out with a Cockeyed Puzzle. Now I know I am nutty or else Ted Shane is. Ye gods and little fishes—what will Liberty do next!—*W. F. Powell.*

YORKVILLE, ILL.—Do I get a kick out of those Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles—and how!

My husband thinks they are a lot o' bolony and that they will teach me to use slang, but I told him I had to keep up with the current language.—*Mrs. Margaret Osbourne.*

TOO PROLONGED KISSING

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—It does not speak very highly for the intelligence of the American people that a crusade to clean up the movies should be necessary; nor for fathers and mothers who allow their children not only to see obscene pictures but attend them themselves.—*C. A. Peterson.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am glad the public has voiced its disgust and is demanding clean pictures. Some of the things we object to on the screen are: undressing or dressing scenes, constant imbibing of liquor, sensual dance numbers, unwed motherhood made attractive, profane language, and too prolonged kissing.—*M. Roberts.*

THE WITWORKERS' DELIGHT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We puzzled over box 33 in Liberty's Connectogram of August 25 until we were fit subjects for the psychopathic ward; then we looked in the answers. We found that " gelatinous film " was " mother." Somehow we never got that impression of mother! —*Wit(less)workers, Mabel Bellion, Marie Hartmann.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Let's have more and bigger Witworks—lots of fun. Can't see that " mother " is a synonym for " gelatinous film "—maybe it was too witty for me.—*Mrs. H. L. Robertson.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—What is wrong with John fitting the description of Jane's husband in Witwork puzzle in August 25 Liberty? I don't get it.—*E. K. Gangler.*

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—Inasmuch as Ralph and John are the *same* in your puzzle—she married Stanley because he was a blond. Women do change their minds. Ask Mrs. Stanton.—*Stanley Stanton.*

A TIP FROM ALASKA

JUNEAU, ALASKA—In August 4 Vox Pop H. E. Patterson of Texas suggests the colonization of Alaska by the youth of America.

Alaska has more than 600,000 square miles of mountains, valleys, glaciers, and forests, with some land fit for growing crops which mature in three months or less. It also has a great number of islands in the Aleutian Peninsula region which are suitable for growing sheep and cattle. There are vast areas of the territory which contain mineral wealth but little known or prospected. There are only 30,000 white people in this great empire.

However, Alaska is amply supplied with people to fill the jobs now available. We would gladly welcome those who come to the territory equipped to maintain themselves for such a time as necessary to get into the swing of things and to establish homes. Those who come with a one-way ticket and no reserve fund would be wiser to stay in some place where the weather is warmer.—*Frank H. Foster.*

CIVILIZED

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in August 11 Liberty, Job Insurance Far Better Than Unemployment Insurance, is the best idea brought forward to date. Here is hoping that the full meaning of it may be put before the President and his legislative staff at the proper time.

No country as rich in natural resources as ours has any right to call itself civilized until job insurance has been established.—*B. Alice Burland.*

NOTHING MORE THAN THROWING THE CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS

BOSTON, MASS.—What has become of the good old-fashioned wrestling bouts? What they call wrestling today is nothing more than throwing the Christians to the lions, as they did long ago in Rome. I cite a certain wrestling bout that took place in Boston recently, where, when one man was down on the mat, the spectators threw lighted cigar and cigarette ends at him and the crowd roared for his blood.

Is this what the American people pay their money for? They call themselves civilized! Let us have better and well conducted wrestling matches.—*F. M. Duffy.*

WAS A DECENT AND PEACEFUL WORLD

QUEBEC, CAN.—I don't believe any sane person can dispute the fact that the chief cause of the depression is woman in business. Thirty years ago or more one hardly ever found a woman in an office. Women's place then was in the home and there they were to be found. It was a decent and peaceful world to live in then.

Today women are displacing men in every line of industry and in time the world will surely degenerate. We have only to search history to observe what happens when women usurp men's places. Babylon fell before Cyrus the Great because women were given too much influence in affairs of state. Greece and Rome fell for the same reason, and so will the Anglo-Saxon nations of today. Yet I don't think anything can be done about it.—*M. Laughton.*

VEIL, GAG, AND BUSTLE

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—Today more than ever before must women use their wits in getting themselves noticed by man. Natural beauty, hidden figures, and in-

Pop

telligent minds are not enough. Cutthroat tactics are paramount. Ugly women paint their faces and lure men from women who are beautiful in their own right. Women who have divine figures, but who do not care to reveal the fact, lose out to women of less attractive outlines who give the male faction a sample idea of what they might expect. Fat women take pills to reduce momentarily so as to compete with women who are permanently shapely. And brilliant women must often take a back seat to those who have a stock of stereotyped sayings such as, " Oh, darling, you say the nicest things! " etc. Thus the beautiful, divine, clever women constantly lose ground to those less gifted ones who paint their faces, starve their figures, and camouflage their brains.

This is a deplorable state of affairs, but man's gullibleness and susceptibility make it almost inevitable. The only way to check this astounding tendency of misrepresentation would seem to be to veil, gag, and bustle all women prior to marriage. This at least would give man a fifty-fifty chance.—*B. P. M.*

WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF HIM?

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Who is H. L. Mencken? Am sure I don't know, but my hat is off to him. He is not afraid to tell the truth about judges and lawyers.—*T. W. Kennedy.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—H. L. Mencken's article What to Do with Criminals, in July 28 Liberty, was very timely. He brought to light the cheating of justice and the chaotic state of legal procedure. But what can we do about it? The people get the kind of government they deserve.—*Jim Key.*

EL PASO, TEX.—I agree with Bernarr Macfadden in his August 18 Liberty editorial that the menace of criminals will increase within a few years if the government does not take radical steps. Why not eradicate this terrible menace? It seems awful to execute all incurable criminals, but that seems the only remedy. —*F. Soria, Jr.*

A BARGAIN? OR NOT WORTH A NICKEL?

PUEBLO, COLO.—We women have long been credited with the title of " bargain hunters." And I guess we have earned the title, as each week finds us eagerly handing over only five cents for Liberty. With its educational and entertaining features it's the best for the money offered on our news stands today.

Thanks to Bernarr Macfadden. His efforts are greatly appreciated by us " bargain hunters."—*Ethelyn A. Daniel.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Well, I have bought my semiannual copy of Liberty again, and, as always, it leaves me stark and cold. Mildly, it is bad, rotten, indifferent, and punk. A guy doesn't even get a nickel's worth from it.—*J. Conrad.*

"LITTLE WAVY LINE"

MORRISTOWN, TENN.—To help settle an argument, please tell us what the little wavy line over the " n " in Viña Delmar's name means and how is the name pronounced?

Sorry to bother you with such a seemingly silly question, but a bunch of us last night could not explain it.—*Gay Clark.*

[That " little wavy line " is called a *tilde.* It derives from the Spanish and gives a sound as if a " y " followed it, as in cañon, or as some dictionaries spell it, canyon, or Vinya. I hope you won the argument.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HOW THEY TREAT CROOKS DOWN UNDER

SEATTLE, WASH.—Speaking of crime and law enforcement, why not try the New Zealand plan? The claim is made that New Zealand has practically banished crime by the simple expedient of legal ostracism of criminals. For instance, a man accosts you on the street, inquiring the time of day. A police officer, knowing the man has a criminal record, steps up and warns you not to be seen talking to the stranger. If this warning is disregarded as many as three times you are arrested and sent to prison for twelve months.

Melbourne, with a million population, has adopted the New Zealand law. Last year, Melbourne had twenty-six crimes, nearly as many as Seattle—a city a third as large—has daily.

All twenty-six criminals were sent to prison along with twelve citizens who had been seen in conversation with a crook three times. This method of fighting crime is both effective and economical.—*A. Freeland.*

"DIDN'T APPEAR TO BE WHISTLING"

BOSTON, MASS.—In August 25 Vox Pop a Miss Donaldson of Millbury, Massachusetts, writes under the heading Boston Culture of having overheard a comment on the portrait of Whistler's Mother. One alleged Bostonian was quoted as remarking that the mother in the picture " didn't appear to be whistling "; hence he could not understand why it should be called a " whistling mother."

Of course it is just possible a Boston person might have made that observation, and on the other hand it is a little more possible that a visitor to the museum such as Miss Donaldson made it herself. What's the matter with Millbury? Don't they ever have visitors?—*Boston Person.*

AND VERY HUMAN PRINCESS

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO.—To the Ladies! by Princess Kropotkin, is the most clever, interesting, and all-round smart thing in any magazine or newspaper. Congratulations to Liberty for choosing an original, brainy, tactful, and very human contributor.—*E. Bates.*

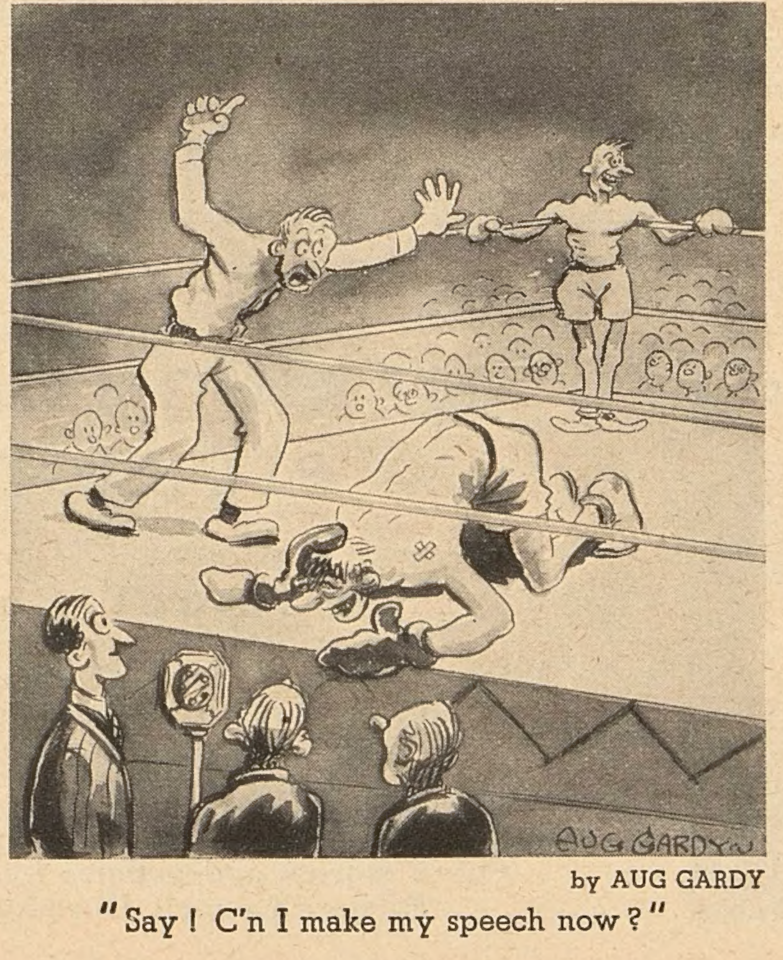
SAD CASE OF MARY

COMPTON, CALIF.—A. W. Vincent's letter in July 28 Vox Pop advocated the passage of a law giving redress to girls whose employers discharge them for the sole reason that they got married. He cited the sad case of Mary who can never marry John because her employer won't have a married woman on his pay roll when so many other persons without outside support have no work.

Instead of such a law as Mr. Vincent suggested, I would advocate a law making it a misdemeanor punishable by a year's imprisonment and a $5,000 fine for any employer who does otherwise than poor Mary's boss. The very trouble in this world of today is that too cockeyed many in the same family are working.—*Golden O. Dungan.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—So Mary can't get married and work too. Now isn't that too bad? I want to shout " Three cheers! " for Mary's employer. If there were more firms like his some of us single girls or widows with children would have a chance to make a living, and a big part of the depression would be over.—*L. L.*

DURANGO, COLO.—No doubt some women work for wages they don't need. But so do many men. I have just as much right to a job as some rich man's son or some snip of a youth who carries a flask and a package of cigarettes as his principal qualifications.—*Hatti Blanch Kimball.*



by AUG GARDY

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★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

PARADISE

By

Patterson Dial

A thrilling short novel of a girl with a jazz heart

MAKING IT A SIN TO SEE PICTURES

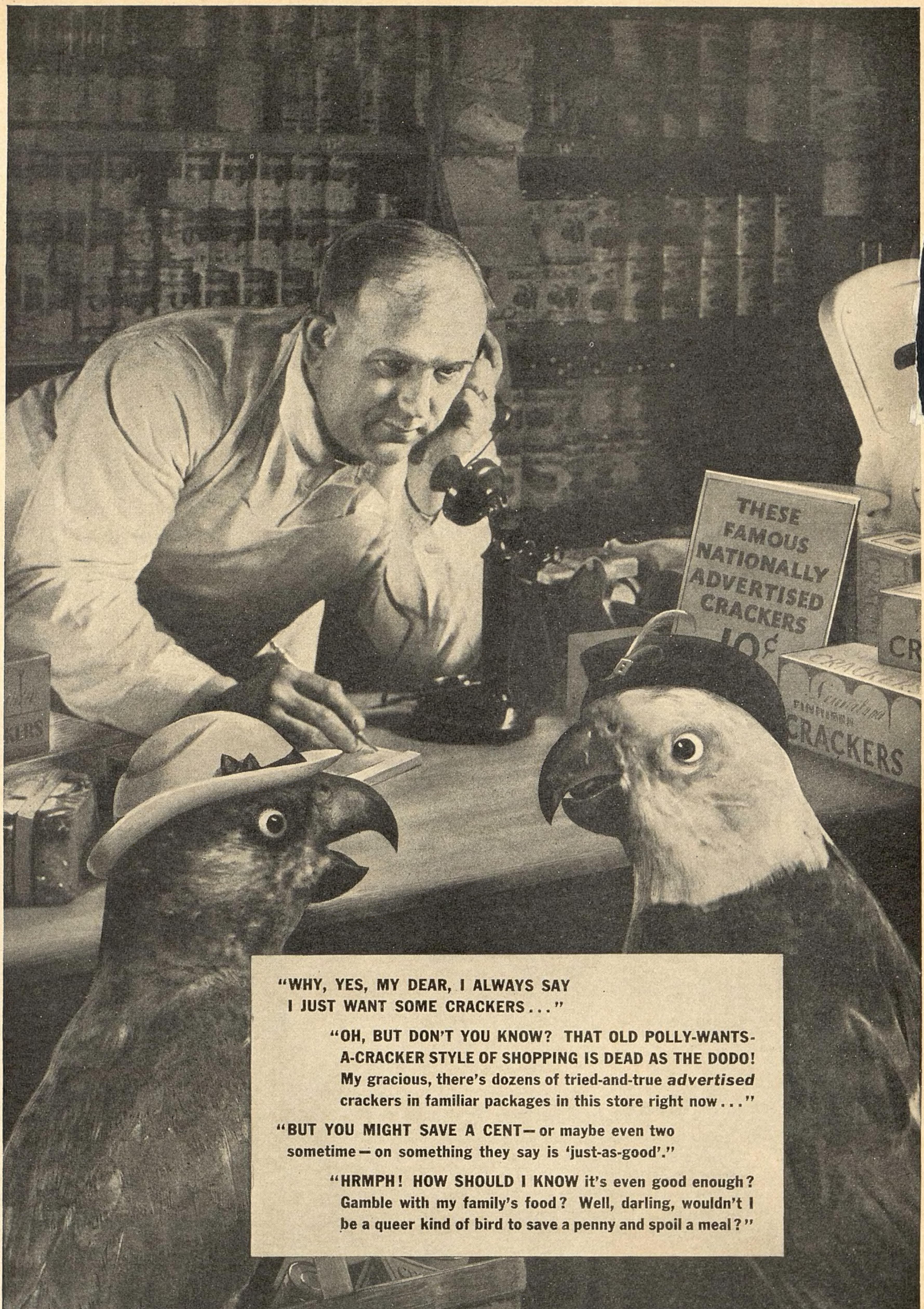
By

Samuel Goldwyn

Who, except the Hollywood moral hit-and-run drivers, can object to the drive for clean pictures? demands this noted producer

---

Other stories and articles by Thomas M. Johnson, Richard Connell, Dorothy Giles, and others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"BUT YOU MIGHT SAVE A CENT— or maybe even two sometime — on something they say is 'just-as-good'."

"HRMPH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW it's even good enough? Gamble with my family's food? Well, darling, wouldn't I be a queer kind of bird to save a penny and spoil a meal?"

WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
WHEATIES
READY TO EAT

DID YOU KNOW THAT

- A CHILD DOESN'T NEED A COOKED CEREAL FOR BREAKFAST IN COLD WEATHER
- THAT IT ISN'T THE HEAT FROM COOKING THAT KEEPS THE BODY WARM.
- THAT THERE IS A DELICIOUS NEW READY-TO-SERVE CEREAL THAT PRODUCES THE SAME BODY HEAT AS COOKED CEREALS.
- THAT CHILDREN WILL EAT IT WITHOUT "COAXING" OR "COMMANDING"
- THAT THIS MARVELOUS CREATION AND THE ADVERTISING CLAIMS MADE FOR IT HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED BY THE COMMITTEE ON FOODS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION —— WHICH ASSOCIATION COMPRISES ABOUT 100,000 LEADING PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

ACCEPTED
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.
Committee on Foods

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ALL RIGHT, BUT ONE AT A TIME, PLEASE
WHEATIES

It's Whole Wheat *Magically Transformed!*

Crisped and Toasted In Flakes as Gay and Alluring as a French Confection

CONTRARY to old-fashioned ideas, there really isn't, according to science, any need for a child's cereal to be *hot* in order to supply body heat to protect against the winter's cold.

In addition, science points out, forcing or coaxing a child to eat a tasteless, *unwanted* dish may lead to serious digestive disturbances.

However, no mother need be longer concerned with this problem. For there is now a new and amazing form of ready-to-serve whole wheat that not only produces the same body heat as a cooked cereal but, *in addition*, ends all the breakfast "coaxing," all the breakfast "arguing."

The name of this new whole wheat creation is Wheaties. It's the development of the leading wheat millers of the world, the millers of famous Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour, and it magically transforms whole wheat from a "necessary" food to one that's marvelously light and tempting. To flakes, crisp-toasted a golden brown. To the delicious crackly, crunchy flakes that children adore. If you believe in whole wheat for yourself and child —you are urged to try Wheaties this winter.

All the Mineral, Vitamin Containing Elements Retained

In the manufacture of Wheaties, none of the bran, containing valuable phosphorus and iron, none of the germ (that part of the wheat berry where nature has stored up essential vitamins A, B, and G) has been removed. All the carbohydrates that provide energy, all the protein that builds healthy flesh; all these are retained in Wheaties.

Wheaties cost but 15c the package—enough for a week. Yet the special type of wheat they're made from is far superior to best grades of ordinary wheat.

Furnishing, as it does, the same heat-producing material as a hot cereal, almost twice as much body-building protein, and a greater percentage of minerals than even such commonly used foods as corn or rice, do you wonder why millions of homes "switched" to Wheaties last year?

Do you wonder now why this dish with milk or cream and sugar and some kind of fruit is called—by such stars of sport as Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx and many others—"The Breakfast of Champions"?

Incidentally, Wheaties have been accepted as a pure food, truthfully advertised, by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association (an organization comprising nearly 100,000 physicians and surgeons).

Get Wheaties at your grocer's today. Ask for by name—W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S. You'll be glad you did.

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SAYS:

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be able to tell you that the "Breakfast of Champions" meets with my hearty approval. Certainly Wheaties with abundant milk or cream and sugar, together with some kind of fruit for breakfast provides an excellent foundation on which to get the day's work done. I think this breakfast is equally good for adults as well as children. It provides energy and many "necessary" elements.

Best of all, Wheaties taste "like a million."

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WHEATIES
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
WHEATIES
READY TO EAT

NRA

WHEATIES *"The Breakfast of Champions"*
WITH ABUNDANT MILK OR CREAM, SUGAR AND SOME KIND OF FRUIT